

Gilbert
&
Sullivan's



**SOUVENIR
PROGRAMME**
WITH LIBRETTO

Jon Nicholls & Adrian Bohm, Victoria State Opera,
Clifford Hocking & David Vigo
by arrangement with Noel Pearson present

A New Version of
GILBERT & SULLIVAN'S

HMS PINAFORE



PAUL EDDINGTON

GERALDINE TURNER

JOHN O'MAY

PHILIP GOULD

PAT PITNEY

With

TIM TYLER

D J FOSTER

And

JUDY GLEN

GLENN FLAVIN

Director

Martin Connor

Musical Adaptation

Bill Whelan & Gregory Flood

Staging & Choreography

Mavis Ascott

Musical Director

Gregory Flood

Set Designer

Henry Bardon

Costume Designer

Hugh Colman

Sound Designer

John Scandrett

Lighting Designer

Roger Barratt

Executive Producers

Jon Nicholls, Ken Mackenzie-Forbes

Australian Premiere

State Theatre, Victorian Arts Centre

One of the biggest names in the Australian Arts has never danced Swan Lake, played King Lear or won the Archibald Prize.

At ANZ we like to appreciate the Arts as part of the audience and leave "treading the boards" to the real artistes.

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As part of Victoria's 150th birthday

celebrations, we were proud to give our name to the magnificent ANZ Pavilion at the Victorian Arts Centre. And again in 1986, we were a major sponsor of the Adelaide Festival of Arts.

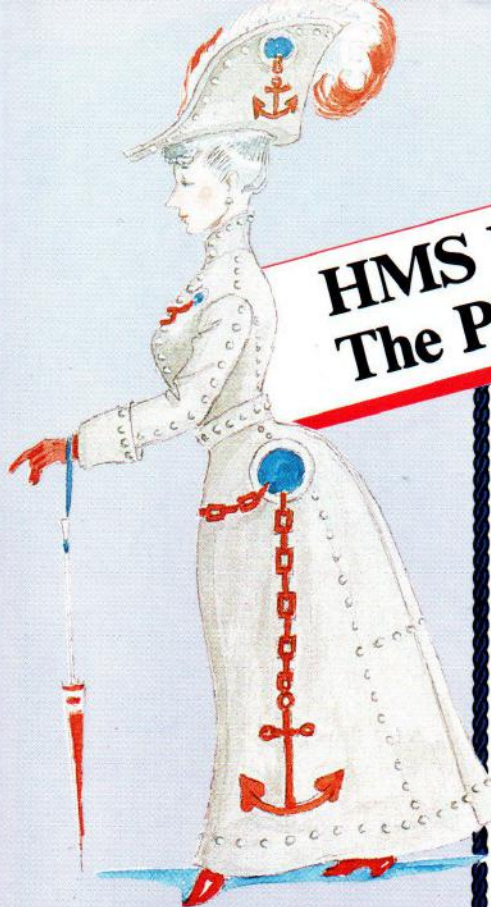
Tonight we are proud to be able to bring you this magnificent production of HMS Pinafore.

ANZ and the Arts. ANZ and customer service. Both go hand in hand.



HMS PINAFORE

The Plot



The action opens on the quarterdeck of the proud ship of the line HMS Pinafore, with the crew manning the ropes or at work on deck, readying the ship to sail the ocean blue. Along comes motherly Little Buttercup, a 'bumboat' woman who sells various goods to ships in port. She implies that she is hiding a dark secret. This arouses the interest of Dick Deadeye, a dark and secretive one-eyed hunchback sailor.

In shining contrast to Dick is Ralph Rackstraw, the smartest lad in the fleet. He has a secret too, a hopeless love for the Captain's daughter.

Captain Corcoran of the Pinafore has his own problems. The First Lord of the Admiralty wants to marry his daughter Josephine, but she wants none of that. Her heart is already promised – to a common sailor.

Josephine knows such a match can never be and promises to keep her feelings her secret.

Enter Sir Joseph Porter, First Lord of the Admiralty, whose secret is how to rise from office boy to monarch of the sea. The steep ascent has left him a radical democrat. Sir Joseph reminds Captain Corcoran that only an accident of birth has placed him above his crew. A British sailor, he tells the captain and crew, is equal to any man except the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Ralph, taking these sentiments as a call to action, tells Josephine of his love. She, out of duty to her position, feigns indifference.

In despair, Ralph prepares to shoot himself, which propels Josephine into confessing her love.

They plan a midnight elopement. Dick Deadeye plans betrayal.

Captain and Buttercup reflect on the Captain's problems with his daughter, Sir Joseph and now his crew.

In strides Sir Joseph, complaining of Josephine's reluctance.

The Captain advises Sir Joseph to try the old line about love levelling all ranks. He gives it a try and Josephine announces that she will hesitate no longer.

Sir Joseph, who didn't believe the line anyway, thinks this means she accepts him.

Dick Deadeye enters to tell the Captain just who Josephine plans to marry. The First Lord, somewhat miffed, has Ralph cast into the dungeon.

The plot then takes a sharp swerve towards run-that-past-me-again land. Buttercup's dark secret, now revealed, is that she was a baby farmer who switched the Captain and Ralph at birth.

That, for starters, makes Josephine's boyfriend old enough to be her father.

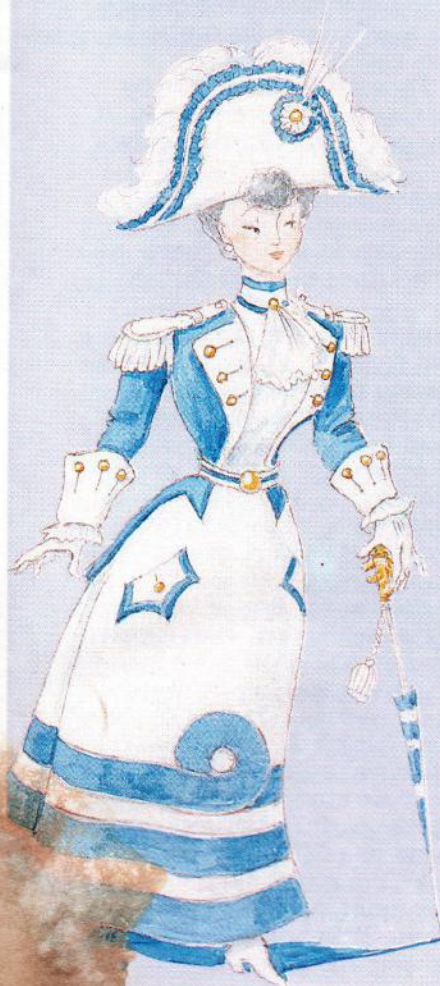
It also elevates Ralph up the ranks and drops Corcoran and his daughter down a peg or two.

Suddenly, Josephine is so far down the social scale that the First Lord cannot contemplate marriage with her.

But marriage to Captain Rackstraw would be a suitable step up the ladder for the daughter of Sailor Corcoran.

Love triumphs everywhere. Sailor Corcoran finds more interesting things to discuss with Buttercup and Sir Joseph winds up with one of the clutch of cousins who accompanies him everywhere.

Then everyone's off to sail the ocean blue.



**WILLIAM
SCHWENCK
GILBERT**
Author



William Schwenck Gilbert was writing plays while a teenager at school and getting his fellow pupils to perform in them.

His own life had been relatively dramatic: at the age of three, while holidaying with his parents in Naples, he was kidnapped by brigands and ransomed for £25. He never forgot the incident and 40 years later used it in a less realistic form.

Gilbert, the son of a retired Royal Navy surgeon, was born on November 18, 1836.

After preliminary study in France, he was sent to the Great Ealing School, London, when he was 13.

There he developed an interest in the theatre, wrote plays and tried unsuccessfully to join Charles Kean's company as an actor.

From Ealing he went to King's College, then spent four years as a clerk at the Privy Council Chambers before studying law at the Inner Temple.

In 1863 he set up chambers in Clement's Inn and practised as a barrister – not without any noticeable success – for four years.

At the same time he wrote criticisms, stories, articles and poetry for a popular paper called *Fun*.

It was the enormous success of his famous Bab Ballads during the 1860s which led to the commissioning of his first dramatic work: a short Christmas piece called *Dulcarnara*, or *The Little Duck and the Great Quack*.

It opened on December 29, 1866, at the St James' Theatre and earned Gilbert £30. That was enough for him to turn his back on the law, marry Lucy Turner and concentrate on the theatre.

In 1870, the year he first met Sullivan, he was correspondent for the Observer at the Franco-Prussian War. Also that year, his first "fairy play" – *Palace of Truth* – was produced by the dramatist and actor manager J.B. Buckstone at the Haymarket Theatre.

It was followed by *Pygmalion and Galatea*, his first popular success. Over 40 years, Gilbert wrote more than 70 plays and for at least half that time was acknowledged as one of Britain's foremost dramatists.

The plays fell into almost total neglect towards the end of his life and were in any case overshadowed by the success of his many collaborations with Sullivan.

But Gilbert's superb craftsmanship, style and wit set new standards in dramatic writing and served as models for a new generation of playwrights.

**SIR ARTHUR
SEYMOUR
SULLIVAN**
Composer



Arthur Sullivan, like his partner Gilbert, was well into his chosen career before he finished school.

Born on May 13, 1842, the son of the bandmaster of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, Arthur Sullivan could play every instrument in the military band by the time he was 12.

At 16 he was sent to Germany to study music and train as a conductor.

While in Germany he composed some incidental music for *The Tempest* and its first performance in 1862 brought him fame overnight.

London society embraced him and he consolidated his reputation with a string of successful songs, cantatas and oratorios.

In 1871, Sullivan was approached by John Hollingshead, founder and manager of the Gaiety Theatre and asked if he would write the music for an operatic extravaganza called *Thespis*.

Sullivan agreed and *Thespis* – with libretto by Gilbert – opened at the Gaiety on December 26. It flopped and the collaborators parted and went their own ways.

Over the next four years Gilbert produced a dozen plays and Sullivan composed an oratorio entitled *The Light Of the World*, which Queen Victoria declared was "destined to uplift British music."

Early in 1875, Richard D'Oyly Carte came up with a plan to renew the partnership. A passionate devotee of comic opera and manager of the Royalty Theatre in Soho, much of his success was due to his uncanny talent for spotting winners.

He saw the potential of bringing together a writer and composer of the talent of Gilbert and Sullivan.

D'Oyly Carte was planning a production of Offenbach's *La Perichole* for the spring of 1875 and asked Gilbert for a one-act piece to fill the bill.

Gilbert had recently dramatised one of his own stories which had appeared in *Fun* six years earlier.

Gilbert read *Trial by Jury* to Sullivan one morning in February. Sullivan was impressed and completed the score in two weeks. *Trial by Jury* opened at the Royalty on March 25, 1875 and, what was written and first presented as an after-piece, soon became the main attraction.

Gilbert and Sullivan, the partnership, was on its way. *The Sorcerer* opened in a D'Oyly Carte production at the Opera Comique Strand on November 17, 1877. Six months later came *HMS Pinafore* or *The Lass That Loved A Sailor*.

Gilbert and Sullivan were the toast of London and soon the world.

HMS PINAFORE: THE WHY AND WHEREFORE



"A remarkably fine crew": J.C. Williamson's final H.M.S. Pinafore, 1956.

It was an inauspicious start to the most enduring partnership in theatrical history. William Schwenck Gilbert first met Arthur Seymour Sullivan during a rehearsal for *Ages*, an operetta with words by Gilbert. The two men chatted briefly and moved on.

Gilbert, a brusque giant of 32 years of age, son of a naval surgeon, already had a string of comedies, burlesques, comic writings and critiques to his credit, including the savagely satirical *Bab Ballads*.

Sullivan was 27, gentle, introspective, with aspirations to a career in "serious" music. His father had played clarinet in a London theatre orchestra and Arthur was an accomplished pianist at five. His first song, "O Israel", was published when he was only 13 and he had early success with a suite of incidental music for *The Tempest*.

In 1867 Sullivan's devotion to serious music was temporarily diverted by a collaboration with librettist F.C. Burnand. The result was a short comic operetta, *Cox and Box*. Of it the critic for *Fun* magazine wrote: "Mr. Sullivan's music is, in many places, of too high a class for the grotesquely absurd plot..." The writer signed himself W.S. Gilbert.

Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan were brought together again in 1871 by John Hollingshead who commissioned from them "an entirely original grotesque opera", *Thespis*. It was not a success and today little survives: one published song and a chorus later reused in *The Pirates of Penzance*.

The two men again went their separate ways. Gilbert steered an erratic course, writing plays and

farces and arguing enthusiastically with almost everyone. Sullivan sailed sedately on, pouring out oratorios, hymns and drawing room ballads, admired by London society and in increasing favour with the Royal family.

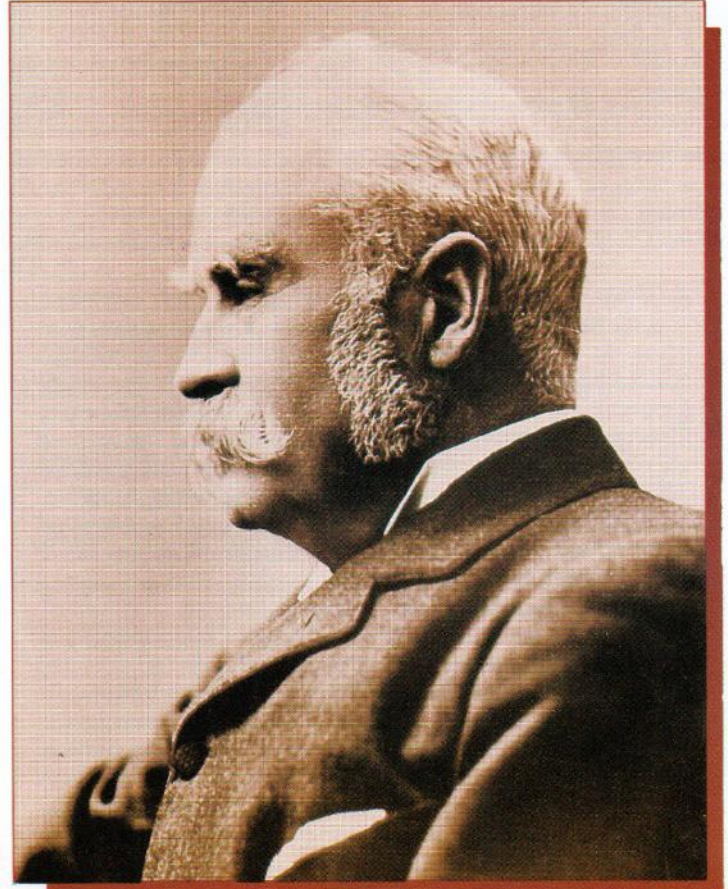
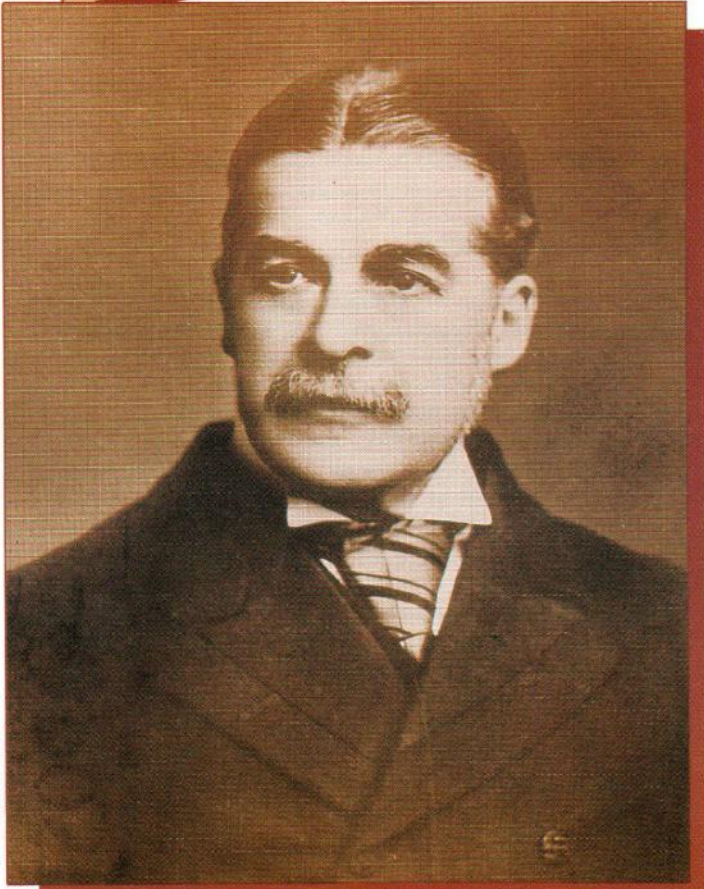
Then, in 1875, they were reintroduced by Richard D'Oyly Carte, the energetic and resourceful manager of the little Royalty Theatre in Soho. Carte commissioned a short "curtain raiser" to precede his production of the Offenbach operetta *La Perichole*. The result was *Trial by Jury*. Its witty plot, characterisations and lyrics and its bubbling score, combined to end, almost overnight, the French domination of the light musical stage. An English comic opera tradition, dormant since *The Beggar's Opera* of 1728, was reborn.

The second Gilbert and Sullivan collaboration was *The Sorcerer*, a full-length work which opened at the Opera Comique, located in one of the less salubrious areas off The Strand. Its success was moderate but Carte, sensing the potential still to be tapped, insisted on a further attempt. Gilbert reworked a theme he had explored in his *Bab Ballads*, cheekily satirizing the real First Lord of the Admiralty in Disraeli's government, newsagent W.H. Smith. He decided that the irony would work best if placed in a setting of complete accuracy. So he travelled to Portsmouth, making detailed sketches of the ships' rigging, the officers' and sailors' uniforms and noting the minutia of naval routine.

Sullivan was in Nice, gambling and suffering from early bouts of the ill health that would plague

GILBERT & SULLIVAN VERSUS NED KELLY

The untold story.



10th January 1883
My dear Sullivan,

What do you say to this, provided that Carte consents? The new piece would be of a musical comedy character and, if the outline of terms is agreed upon, then it could be ready for performance by September.

I send you herewith a sketch plot of the proposed opera. I hope and think you will like it and look forward to discussing some of the fun that is yet to be put on paper. It will be, yes, a story of the Colonies, with good musical situations. There is room for many good ballads.

I hope you are having fine weather in Sussex and the change is doing you good. I will set to work on the first act but am anxious to know your thoughts.

Very truly yours,
W.S. Gilbert

*Above: Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan
Above Right: William Schwenck Gilbert*

27th March 1883
My dear Gilbert,

I will be quite frank. I yield to no one in my admiration of your matchless skill and genius, but such a proposal as you make in your letter received today I could not entertain for a moment. After 20 years hard work in my career, I am not going to depart from a privilege I have always acted upon, viz: never to force myself to try and do that which I feel I cannot do well.

I do not believe that the comic opera you propose, *The Waltzing Kellys Of The Overflow*, affords me sufficient musical suggestion. Again, I say, I have come to the end of my tether. My tunes are in danger of becoming mere repetition of my former pieces. Hitherto, I have looked upon your words as being of such importance that I have been continually keeping down the music in order that not one should be lost. I want, as I have said before, a chance for the music to act in its own proper sphere – to intensify the emotional element not only of the actual words, but of the situation. Your Antipodean story appears to offer me no relief from the suppression I suffer.

Yours sincerely
Arthur Sullivan

● This world exclusive report first appeared in the January/February issue of the Victorian Arts Centre Magazine.

These letters were found stuffed in the bustle of Sweet Little Buttercup's costume at the bottom of an old JCW props trunk.

There they would have stayed but for the diligence of Brian Courtis, who was delving into the trunk for something to wear to a fancy dress party.

So here it is: The unwritten story of Gilbert and Sullivan's unwritten Australian musical.

5th April 1883
Sullivan,

Your reflections on the character of the libretti with which I have supplied you continues to cause me considerable pain. However, I cannot suppose that you intended to gall and wound me, as you did when you wrote, so must assume that melancholia obliged you to treat my proposal for *The Waltzing Kellys* in such a hurried fashion.

I do beg you to consider the following changes, that we may continue the collaboration which has been such a pleasure and advantage to us.

I propose that the first act now be set in the countryside of the Colony of Victoria, where the Irish apprentice Ned is celebrating the release from his indentures with a band of good-natured but inefficient Australian brigands. Ned shocks all by revealing that he intends leaving them forthwith to lead an honest life as an instructor of dance in the town of Melbourne, since he became a bushranger in the first place only by accident. As a lad Ned had proved so fleet of foot that his father had suggested to the maid that he should go waltzing. Matilda - now the bushrangers' cook - misinterpreted her instructions and led her young charge into the company of sheep-stealers and the like.

You will understand with what anxiety I await your reception to these modifications.

Yours sincerely
W.S. Gilbert

15th May 1883
My dear Gilbert,

Your letter is an inexpressible relief to me. If, as I now understand it, you propose to construct a plot without the improbable elements of a wild horse race across mountain peaks (how Carte would have taken to the staging of this I dare not imagine) and on the lines which you describe, then I gladly undertake to set it without further discussing the matter, or asking for detail on what the subject is to be.

There is but one thing. With the greatest hesitation, I feel I must say the lyrics following, posted me as an example, appear somewhat derivative of our earlier collaboration:

*Three big troopers from town are we,
Proud and tough as a copper can be,
Filled to our helmets with pomposity,*

*Three big troopers from town! . . .
Three big troopers who, absolutely wary,
Come from a Melbourne constabulary,
Freed from its dazzling tutelary -
Three big troopers from town!*

Yours most sincerely,
Arthur Sullivan

21st June 1883
My dear S.,

The tone of your response to my work has caused me the gravest disappointment. Am I only

to hear the sourest of notes from the one with whom I have shared a career of gratification? However, I have broken the neck of Act II of *The Waltzing Kellys*, or as it is now known by the subtitle, *Hey Moomba, Moomba Australiana!* and want your sincere opinion of the plot so far.

Now I propose that on his way back to civilisation and the Betty Bouncer School For Dancing Countryfolk in Melbourne, young Ned Kelly falls in with a chorus of pretty young girls, who turn out to be the daughters of Sir Ruggleman Barry, a judge of the Antipodean High Court. With one of these girls, Kieley, Ned is much taken. He warns the girls that there are bushrangers in the vicinity, but the warning comes too late. The girls are saved by the intervention of their father who, with the help of the troopers, captures them all. Ned, who was born in a leap year, is deemed to be still a member of the gang and consequently brought to court. Kieley, a solicitor, makes an eloquent plea for her new love:

*For he might have been a Roosian
A French, or Turk, or Proosian,
Or perhaps an Irish-man! . . .
But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations
Ned remains an Austral-ian.*

There is further evidence that the bushrangers before Sir Ruggleman are not ordinary villains, but noble squatters who have gone wrong. All are acquitted of their crime. The Kellys leave and set up a souvenir shop in Glenrowan. In the final scene, Ned and Kieley are wed and dream of happier days:

*The wattles that bloom in the Spring Tra, la,
Breathe promise of gold galore
As we merrily dance and we sing
Tra, la,
We welcome the future they bring,
Tra, la,
Of a summer of fine bushranging . . .*

What say you, Arthur?

Sincerely,
W.S.G.

1st July 1883
TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE; MR. W.S. GILBERT

SIR, ARTHUR SULLIVAN DEPARTED FOR ALEXANDRIA TEN DAYS HENCE IN POOR HEALTH. WISHES YOU TO DESIST FROM FURTHER COMMUNICATION. REQUESTED THAT FINAL COMMENT TO YOU BE 'ONE BIG RIPE ROSY TARANTARA' YOURS RESPECTFULLY A BUTTERCUP.

5th July 1883
Dear Mr Buttercup,

Such is life

Yours sincerely,
W.S. Gilbert Esq.

THE RIGHT

In today's competitive business environment, making the right decision is more important than ever.

You make that decision using sound judgement and your own particular style.

It's a style and judgement that reflects in the car you choose to drive.

And when it's Ford Fairmont Ghia, you know you've made the right decision.

Fairmont Ghia has a sophistication born of a blending of luxury and technology that makes it stand out from the crowd; an exterior line that gives Fairmont Ghia a presence unlike any other car in its class.

Now, with the smooth power of electronic fuel injection, Fairmont Ghia provides a true balance of comfort and performance that makes it one of Australia's most exciting executive cars to drive and to own.

Ford Fairmont Ghia -
The right decision.



DECISION.



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FOR 8015



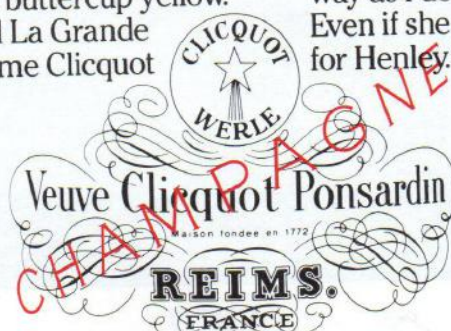
Paul Eddington pursues the enjoyment of life with a great deal of Veuve.

"For me a glass of Veuve Clicquot says summer. It conjures up visions of cold salmon and strawberries... Wimbledon, Henley and Lords... cloudless blue

skies and long warm evenings. The Clicquot label even looks summery – a buttercup yellow.

"I'm told La Grande Dame, Madame Clicquot

lived through 88 summers, and I'm sure felt much the same way as I do about her champagne. Even if she never did get across for Henley."



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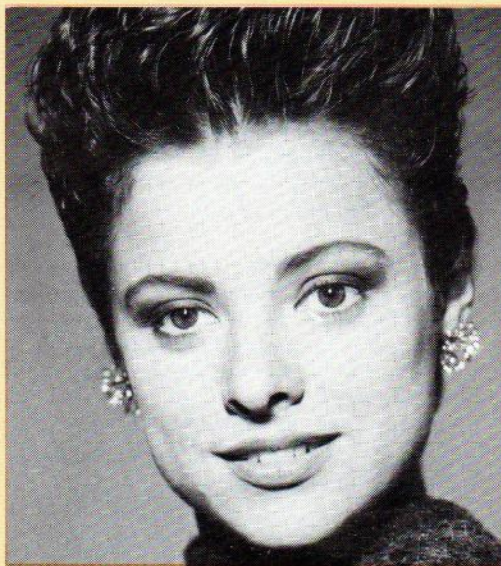
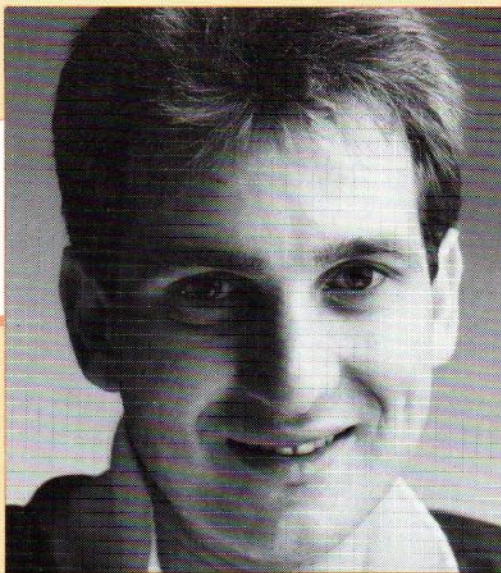
GLENN FLAVIN

Carpenter

A bass baritone, Glenn Flavin joined the Australian Boys' Choir at the age of eight, and toured throughout Australia and the USA. He joined the Victoria State Opera in 1984 and has sung in the chorus of many VSO productions, including *Don Carlos*, *Faust*, and *The Magic Flute*.

In 1985 he won the Heinz Australian Youth Aria, the Ringwood Aria, the Liederfest Scholarship and the Armstead Scholarship. In 1986 he won the Warrnambool Aria. Glenn Flavin, now 23, was a Sun Aria finalist in 1984, 1985 and 1986.

He performed the role of Guglielmo in *Così Fan Tutte* for the Victorian College of the Arts in 1986.



Penelope Brister trained at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London. She performed leading roles in musicals and operetta for regional theatre companies in England. These included Eliza Doolittle in *My Fair Lady*, Rose Maybud in *Ruddigore* and the title roles in *La Belle Helene* and *Gigi*.

PENELOPE BRISTER

Josephine (Matinees)

Penelope came to Australia with P & O Cruises as a showsinger and classical recitalist. Since settling in Sydney she has appeared in solo cabaret, revues and theatre restaurant. Penelope was recently seen in *Revue Internationale* and the *Best of British* at many Sydney clubs.



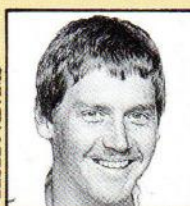
RAYMOND NOCK



WAYNE KERMOND



LESLEY ADAMS



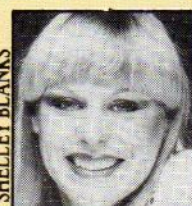
TREVOR ALEXANDER



TOM BLAIR



SHELLEY BLANKS



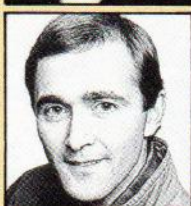
SUSAN VAN COTT



ROBYN BUGG



ANNA BUTERA



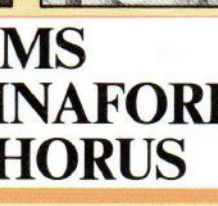
DAVID COOMBS



MARK GOGOLL



ROBERT HENDERSON

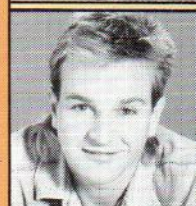


SARAH HERLIHY

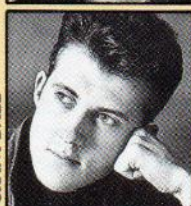


PHILIP HOGAN

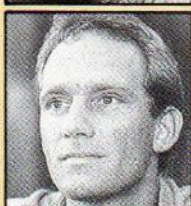
GEOFFREY JENKINS



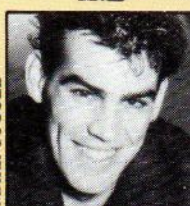
GRANT DALE



CHRIS DICKSON



KATHERINE PATERSON



BARRY PATTERSON



MICHAEL WHITE



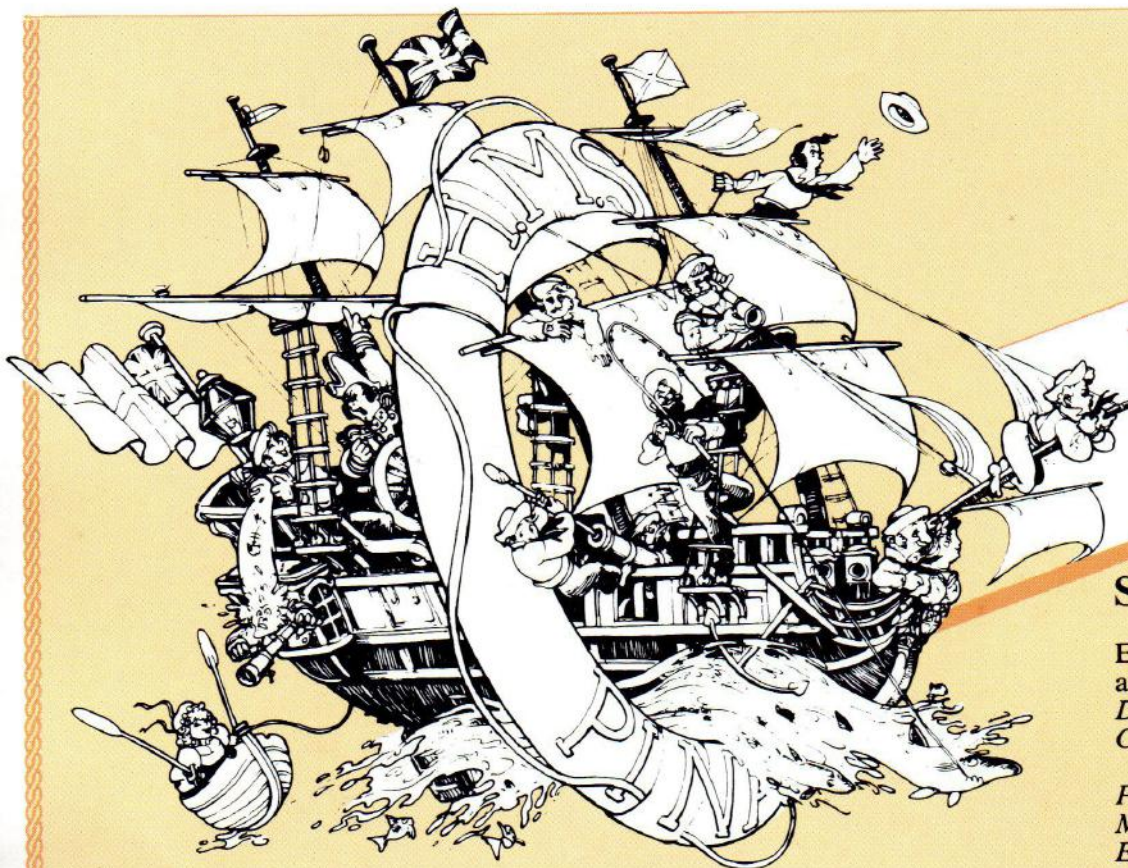
KRIS SCHUMACKER



PATRICK TOGHER



HMS PINAFORE CHORUS



HMS PINAFORE CHORUS

SHELLEY BLANKS

Shelley Blanks graduated from Ensemble Studios in 1984, and has appeared in *Fantasticks*, *Just Talk*, *Dancing In The Streets*, and *Cinderella*.

Her TV credits include *A Country Practice*, *Dancing Daze*, *The Ray Martin Show*, and *The Noel Edmonds Show*. She appeared in the short International Year of Peace film *Soup*.

ROBYN BUGG

Robyn Bugg was a scholarship student at the National Theatre Opera School for three years. She then sang extensively as a soloist in oratorio and lieder and opera. She went to London and appeared in the world premiere of *Nightingale*, and with the BBC and the Kent Opera.

Her most recent G & S role was Gianetta with the Melbourne Music Theatre.

ANNA BUTERA

Anna Butera has had four years classical singing training, and four years of tap training and jazz ballet.

She started her professional career with the Victoria State Opera in the three seasons of *Pirates of Penzance*, where she performed in the chorus and understudied.

She has toured country Victoria with the School Opera Company in *Twice Upon A Time*.

DAVID COOMBS

David Coombs saw the musical *Oliver* when he was five years old, and decided he wanted to be involved in the theatre. He has studied drama, dance and singing in Melbourne and Sydney.

His professional credits include the 1985 season of the Victoria State Opera's Schools Company, and 1986 tour of *The Pirates of Penzance*. Television appearances include *The Sullivans*, *Cop Shop*, *Carson's Law*, and *Prisoner*.

RAYMOND NOCK Dance Captain

This is the first Gilbert and Sullivan role for Raymond Nock, whose musical credits include *A Chorus Line*, *Evita*, and *La Cage Aux Folles*.

Between engagements, Raymond Nock produces children's shows for Rainbow Management.



WAYNE SCOTT KERMOND Acrobatic Captain

Wayne Scott Kermond is the fourth generation of his family to tread the boards.

He has had roles in TV's *A Country Practice*, and the movie *Rebel*. Wayne Scott Kermond played Waxy Collins in the world premier season of *Jonah Jones* for the Sydney Theatre Company and recently completed the Australian season of *Guys and Dolls*, in which he played the acrobatic dancer Joey Perhaps.

LESLEY ADAMS

Lesley Adams began dancing and performing at the age of five, and has continued studying all facets of dance and circus skills. She studied singing at the Conservatorium Opera School, and is a graduate of the Nimrod Theatre Acting School.

She has appeared in *Coronation of Poppea* and *All Of Us Or None*. Recently she has toured with *Camelot* and *Me And My Girl*.

TREVOR ALEXANDER

Trevor Alexander is a member of the Victoria State Opera ensemble, and has been involved in most aspects of theatrical performance and production for 10 years.

He is studying for a B.Mus. at Melbourne University, and an associate diploma at the Victorian College of the Arts.

TOM BLAIR

Tom Blair began dance training at 17. For the past two years he has been studying classical singing with the Victoria State Opera.

His professional career began as a pirate/policeman in the original Australian cast of *The Pirates of Penzance*, which he rejoined for both return seasons.

Tom Blair also appeared in the Sydney Theatre Company's production of *Born Yesterday*.

GRANT DALE

Grant Dale's stage credits include *Evita*, *The Tommy Steele Show*, *Jesus Christ Superstar*, *Joseph's Dreamcoat*, and *Guys and Dolls*.

After supporting Sammy Davis Jr on his Australian tour, Grant Dale started choreographing commercials and video clips. He recently reproduced *A Chorus Line* for video release.

CHRIS DICKSON

Chris Dickson began training with the Shepparton Theatre Company at the age of 10. He went on to play major roles in *South Pacific* and *Godspell*.

He moved to Melbourne in 1985 and has made several appearances with The Australian Opera and the theatre restaurant Hey Doc.

MARK GOGOLL

Mark Gogoll has appeared in *The Gondoliers* in Adelaide (where he was also assistant director to Dennis Olsen), *Joseph's Dreamcoat*, *The Buck Stops Here* and last year *The Pirates of Penzance* with the Victoria State Opera.

ROBERT HENDERSON

Robert Henderson began training in classical ballet aged 10, in New Zealand. He worked in NZ productions of *King And I*, *Cabaret*, *Oliver*, and choreographed the NZ production of *Oklahoma*.

Robert Henderson came to Australia in 1982. He attended the School of Dance at the Victorian College of the Arts, and worked with the VicArts Dance Co.

He travelled to Europe for further training, and danced at the Lido in Paris.

HMS Pinafore is Robert Henderson's first major Australian production.

SARAH HERLIHY

Sarah Herlihy has an arts degree and a diploma of education, but her first love is the theatre.

Her theatre credits include *Suor Angelica*, *Ruddigore*, *Iolanthe*, and *Nellie* in *South Pacific*.

Sarah Herlihy has made TV appearances in *Prime Time*, *Neighbours*, *Flying Doctors*, and *Fast Lane*, and appeared in the films *Backstage* and *Humpty Dumpty Man*.

PHILIP HOGAN

Philip Hogan toured with the Victoria State Opera's 1986 production of *The Pirates of Penzance*, and appeared in *Paint Your Wagon* at South Sydney Juniors Leagues Club. He has appeared in *A Country Practice* and *Rafferty's Rules* for the Seven network, the pilot of *The Girl From Steel City* for SBS, and was in three episodes of *Star Search* on Channel Ten.

GEOFFREY JENKINS

Geoffrey Jenkins began singing at the age of seven with the Australian Boys' Choir, and then as a teenager with rock bands. He has appeared in cabaret at Rembrandts, The Swagman, Tatra Hut, and Pokies Nightclub.

His theatre credits include *Godspell*, *West Side Story*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and *Cats*.

SIMON KRAWAT

Simon Krawat graduated from the Victorian College of the Arts in 1984, and worked as a dancer and model in commercials, mini series, and fashion parades. His theatre credits include *Carmen* and *Eugene Onegin*, and he has just completed a season at the Palladium Theatre Restaurant.

GEOFF NEWMANN

After completing a two-year actor training course, Geoff Newmann concentrated on dance, working with the Australian Contemporary Dance Company, and on the Don Lane, Mike Walsh, and Ray Martin shows.

His stage roles include Matt in *The Fantasticks*, Benjamin in *Joseph's Dreamcoat*, the title role in *Aladdin*, and the tours of *West Side Story* and *The Black And White Minstrel Show*.

KATHERINE PATERSON

Pinafore is Katherine Paterson's first professional engagement. In 1985 she sang in the Victoria State Opera Youth Company production of *The Rime of The Ancient Mariner*, and taught singing at the Tony Bartuccio Dance Centre throughout 1986.

BARRY PATTERSON

Since completing vocal studies at the Victorian College of the Arts, Barry Patterson has performed with Opera Melbourne, The Australian Opera chorus, and has just finished a six-months tour with the Victoria State Opera's Schools Company.

HMS Pinafore is Barry's first professional musical.

KRIS SCHUMACHER

Kris Schumacher began his professional career with J.C. Williamson's in *Irene*, *The Wiz*, and *A Chorus Line*.

He has also appeared in *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, *Chicago*, Reg Livermore's *Firing Squad*, *Jesus Christ Superstar*, and *Me And My Girl*.

His TV credits include the Don Lane, Mike Walsh, Daryl Sommers and Bert Newton shows, and for the ABC, the Farnham and Byrne, Simon Gallaher, Rolf Harris, and Saturday Show series.

PATRICK TOGHER

Patrick Togher was educated at Sydney University and began his career with Rockdale Opera, singing tenor roles in opera and Gilbert and Sullivan.

He toured with *The Pirates of Penzance* company, and has appeared with The Australian Opera and the Victoria State Opera.

SUSAN VAN COTT

Susan Van Cott studied voice and opera at the New England University and later languages at Harvard University.

She has had experience performing in musicals both as an understudy and as a chorus member. Credits include the Australian productions of *The Pirates of Penzance* and *Evita*. In the US Susan has toured in productions of *West Side Story*, *Candide* and *Camelot* and performed in theatre restaurant productions of *My Fair Lady*, *Oklahoma* and *Annie*.

MICHAEL WHITE

Michael White began his professional career with J.C. Williamson in *Half a Sixpence*, *No No Nanette*, *The Wiz* and *Me and My Girl*.

Television credits include the *Marcia Hines* series, *Farnham and Byrne*, *Don Lane*, *Mike Walsh*, *Rolf Harris*, *Saturday Show*, *Carol Burnett at the Opera House* and two years with New Zealand television.

Most recently Mike was supporting Chelsea Brown on her casino circuit tour.

The costume drawings featured throughout this programme are the designs of Hugh Colman. The production photographs featured are from the Melbourne season of *HMS Pinafore*.





Jon Nicholls & Adrian Bohm, Victoria State Opera,
Clifford Hocking & David Vigo by
arrangement with Noel Pearson present

A New Version of

HMS PINAFORE

Book and Lyrics **W.S. Gilbert** Music **Arthur Sullivan**

Music Adaption **Bill Whelan** and **Gregory Flood**

PAUL EDDINGTON

GERALDINE TURNER JOHN O'MAY
PHILLIP GOULD PAT PITNEY

WITH

TIM TYLER D J FOSTER

AND

JUDY GLEN GLENN FLAVIN

Director **Martin Connor**

Staging and

Choreography

Musical Director

Set Designers

Mavis Ascott

Gregory Flood

Henry Bardon and

Frank Conway

Costume Designer

Sound Designer

Lighting Designer

Hugh Colman

John Scandrett

Roger Barratt

Executive Producers

Jon Nicholls and Ken Mackenzie-Forbes

Production Co-ordinator

Sue Natrass

Australian Premiere

State Theatre, Victorian Arts Centre

3 January 1987

This version of HMS Pinafore was originally produced by Noel Pearson at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, July 15 1985, and at The Old Vic, London 1986. Original direction by Joe Dowling.

Scenery constructed by the V.S.O. Workshop and painted at
Scenic Studios, Melbourne
Supervisor Bob Kunert

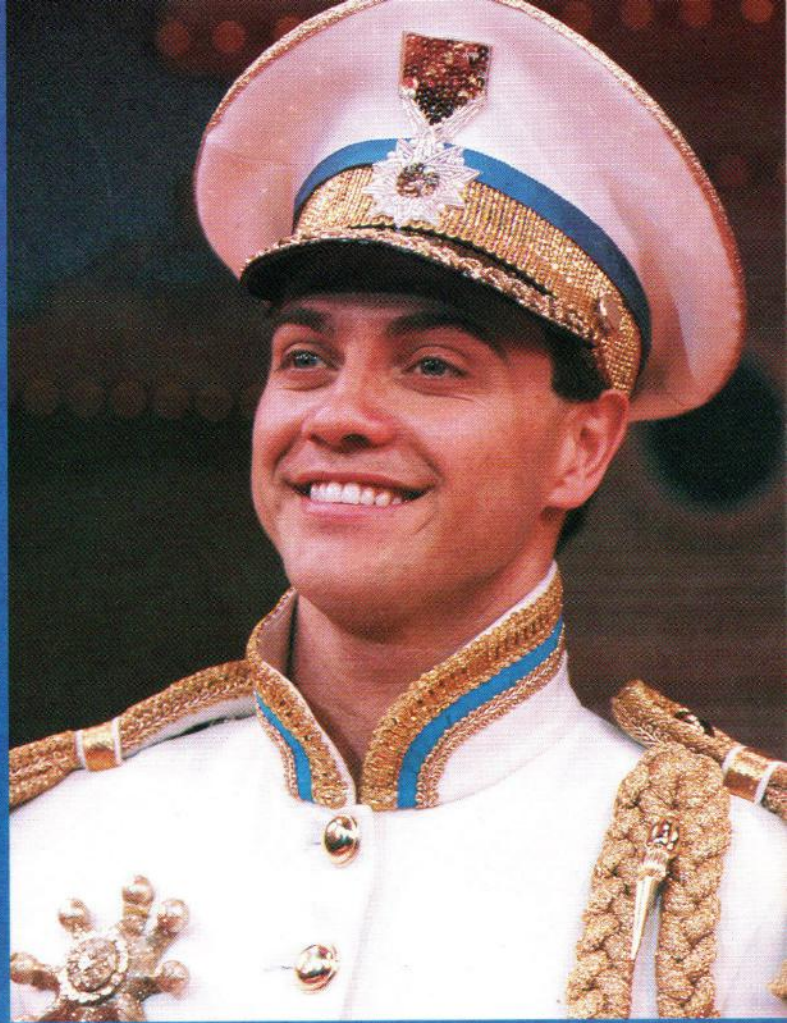
Costumes constructed by The V.S.O. Wardrobe Department
and

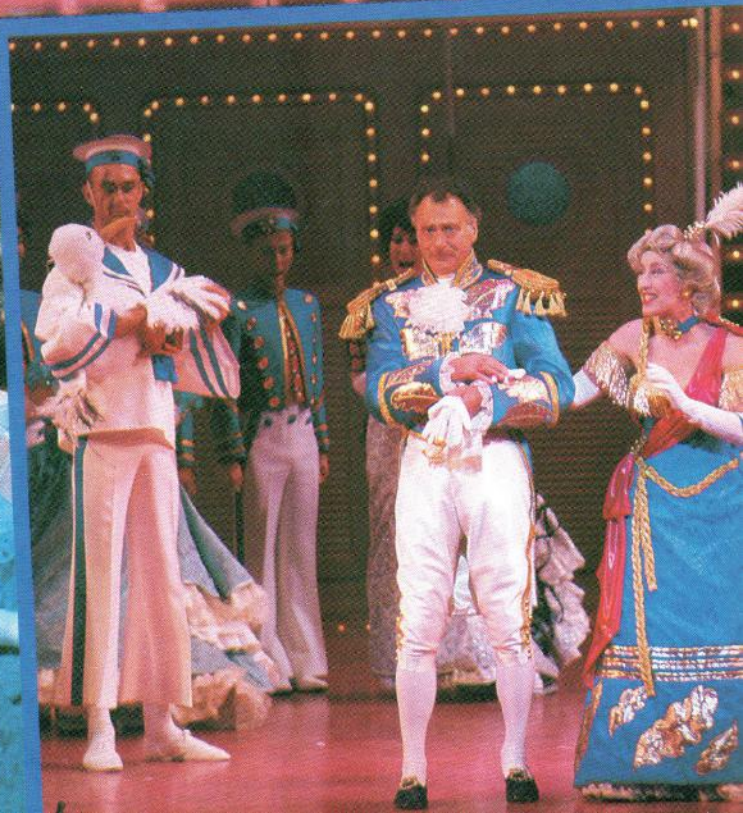
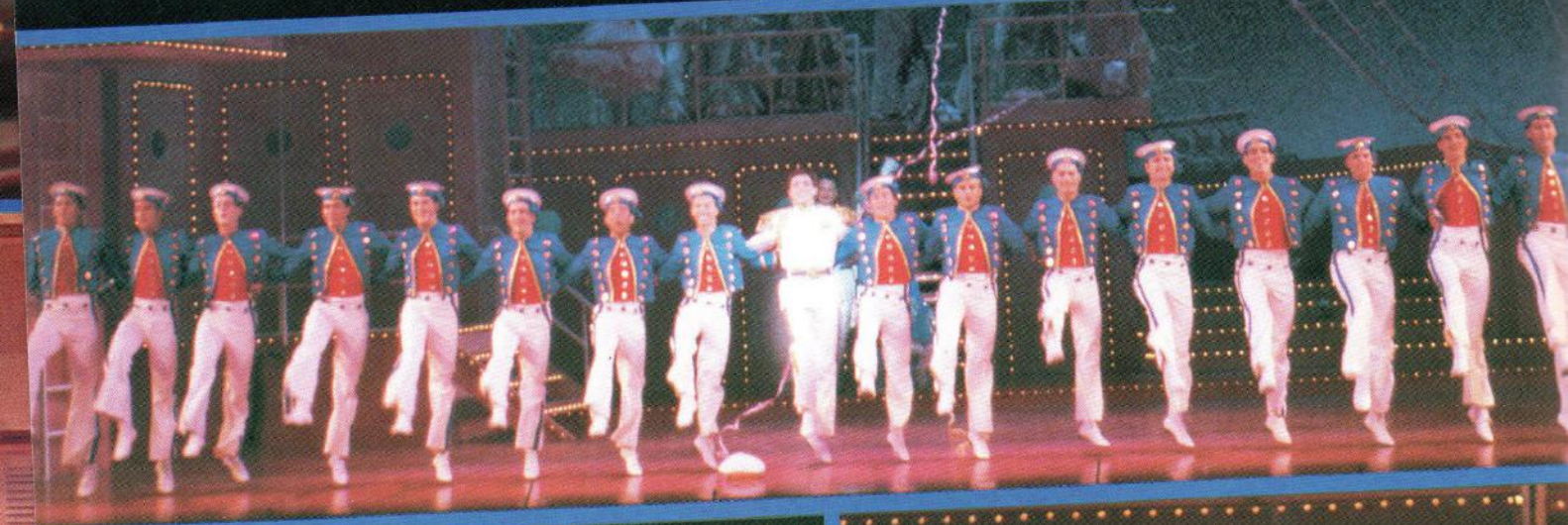
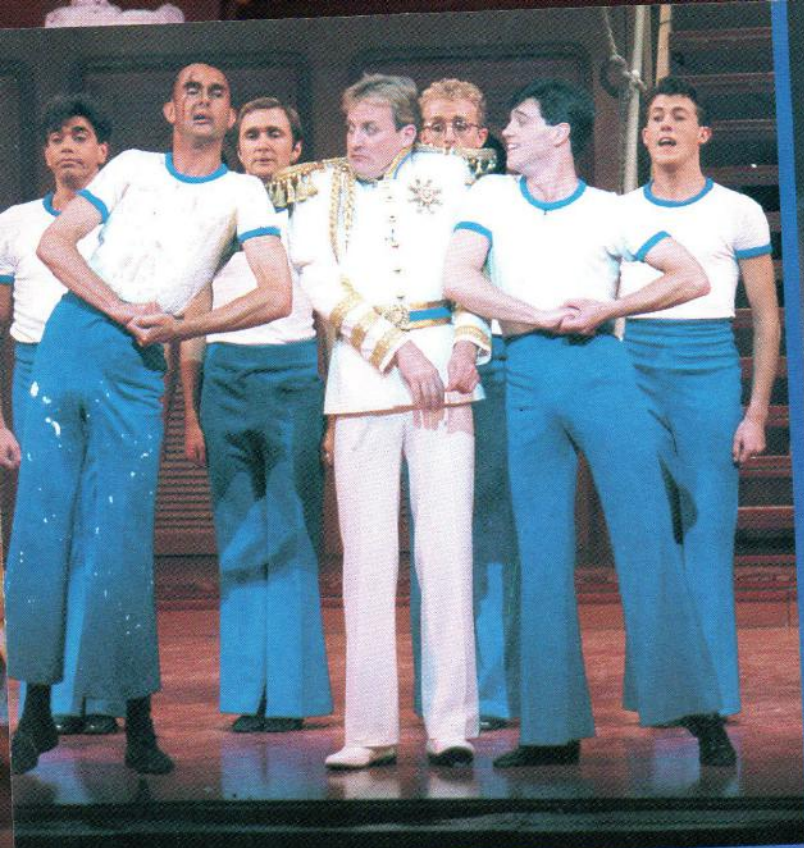
Polka Dot Melbourne

Costume Director Ken Smith

Programme published by Rob Gerrand, Victorian Arts Centre







MARTIN CONNOR Director

Martin Connor is coming to Australia direct from London's West End, where his production of Leonard Bernstein's *Wonderful Town* was described by Michael Billington of the *Guardian* as "the best musical in London".

Martin Connor is both an actor and a director. His first West End role was as Lovewell in *The Clandestine Marriage*, with Alistair Sim.

He followed that performance with the leading roles of Nestor in *Irma La Douce*, Pip in *Great Expectations* with John Mills and as Houdini in *The Magic of Houdini*.

His television appearances include *Secret Army*, *Jubilee*, *Six Days of Justice* and Craig in the comedy series *Cabbage Patch*.

Martin Connor was in the original cast of the successful four-handed revue *Tomfoolery* at the Criterion Theatre in London. He created the role of Edward Bristow in *Two Into One* at the Shaftesbury Theatre and recently played Pooh Bah (Neil Kinnock) in Ned Sherrin's *The Metropolitan Mikado* at Festival Hall.

His first directing experience was with the Actors' Company, which he helped run for four years.

He has since directed many productions including the London premiere of Alan Ayckbourn's *Incidental Music* and Peter Fincham's *Work*.

MAVIS ASCOTT Staging & Choreography

London-born Mavis Ascott began her career as a dancer with the BBC. She was an original member of the weekly TV series *Cool for Cats*, which ran for three years.

She has worked on most European TV channels and has appeared in the films *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* and *Oh What a Lovely War*.

Mavis Ascott choreographed the Dave Allen series for BBC television, before moving to Dublin to choreograph.

She returned to London in 1976 to play the part of Anybody's in Noel Pearson's production of *West Side Story* at the Shaftesbury Theatre and to choreograph the *Seaside Special* series for the BBC.

Mavis Ascott won the Irish Independent Choreography Award three times for her work on *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*, *Cabaret* and *The King*.

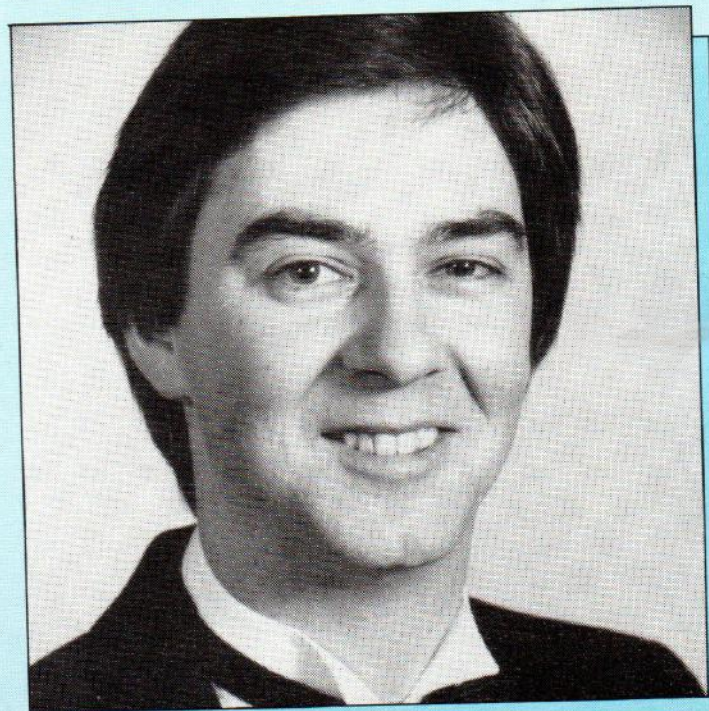
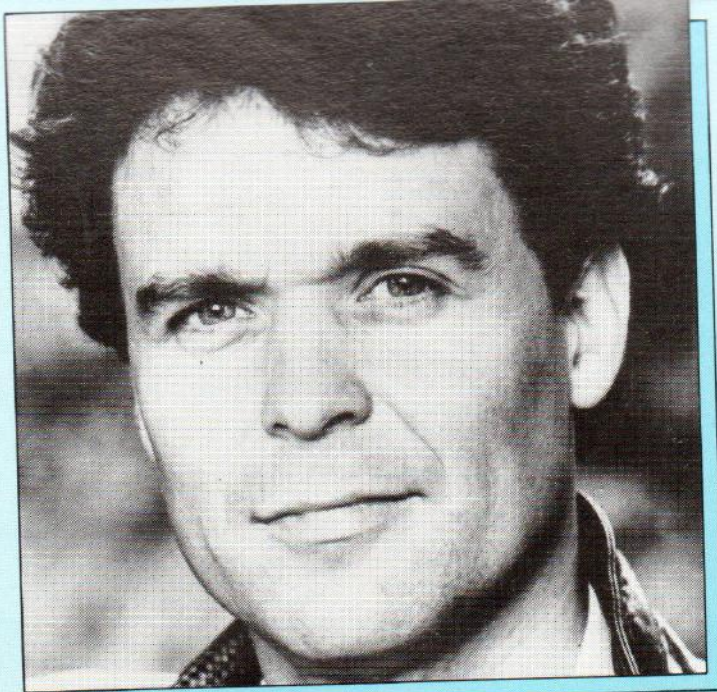
Mavis Ascott was the original choreographer of the Noel Pearson production of *HMS Pinafore* and worked on its successful London production.

GREGORY FLOOD Australian Musical Director and Conductor

Gregory Flood began his musical career in Melbourne studying at the Victorian College of the Arts. After further study in Conducting with Robert Rosen he attended the Mozarteum in Salzburg, Austria, where he studied with Ferdinand Leitner and directed the New Orchestra of Boston. Gregory has orchestrated and produced scores to over 50 films.

He was the musical director for *Me and My Girl*, which was staged in the Victorian Arts Centre's State Theatre in January 1986.

He warmed up for *HMS Pinafore* by working closely with composer Gian Carlo Menotti, orchestrating some of the music for Menotti's new opera *Goya*, which premiered in Washington in November with Plácido Domingo in the title role.



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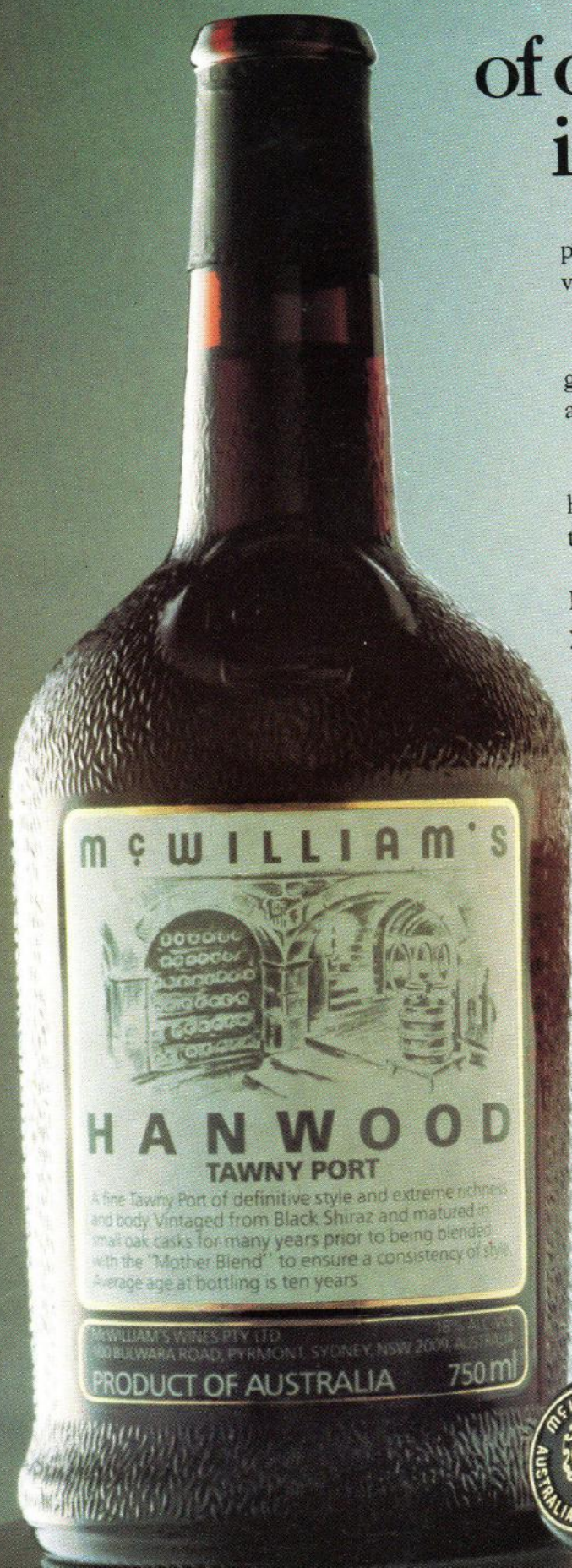
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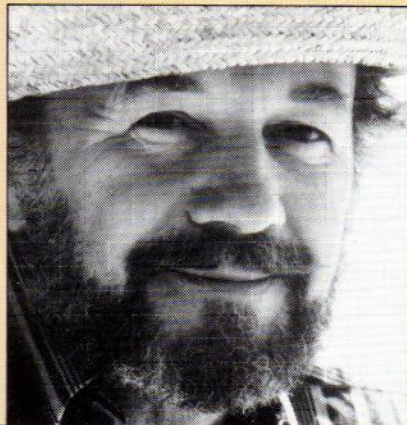
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**HENRY
BARDON**

Set Designer

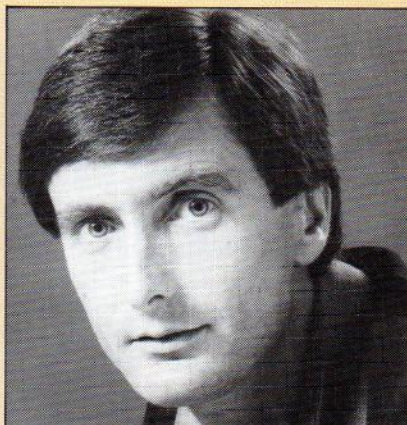
Henry Bardon has designed sets for opera companies around the world: from Vienna to Stockholm, from Holland to Portugal, in the United States and throughout the United Kingdom.

Born in Czechoslovakia, he trained in the U.K. and made his debut as a theatre designer with the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1961.

His first opera designs were for *Suor Angelica* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in 1964.

Henry Bardon is also a fine painter, having held numerous exhibitions, particularly in London and New York.

His designs for the Victoria State Opera include *La Boheme* and *I Puritani*.



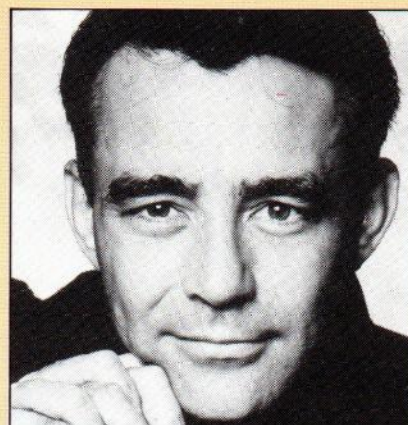
**JOHN
SCANDRETT**

Sound Designer

John Scandrett studied music and acoustics, graduating with a degree in applied science and in 1973 joined J. C. Williamsons Theatres Ltd. production division.

During three years with JCW he designed the sound for shows such as *Pippin*, *Gypsy*, *Godspell*, *Irene* and *A Little Night Music*.

In 1978 John formed System Sound and has designed and engineered sound systems for many major live theatre productions, including *Chicago*, *Candide*, *A Star Is Torn*, *The Pack of Women*, *They're Playing Our Song* (for which he also organised the scenic projection), *The Pirates of Penzance* and more recently, *Me and My Girl*, *Sugar Babies* and the national tours of Phillip Glass and Laurie Anderson.



**ROGER
BARRATT**

Lighting Designer

Roger Barratt has designed lighting for theatre, television and film. In the past 10 years, apart from theatre, he has worked as production manager or lighting designer on more than 300 corporate events.

His lighting designs for The Australian Opera include *Macbeth*, *La Traviata*, *Don Giovanni*, *Madama Butterfly*, *The Merry Widow*, *Adriana Lecouvreur*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Fiddler On The Roof*.

He has lit more than 20 productions for Peter Williams.

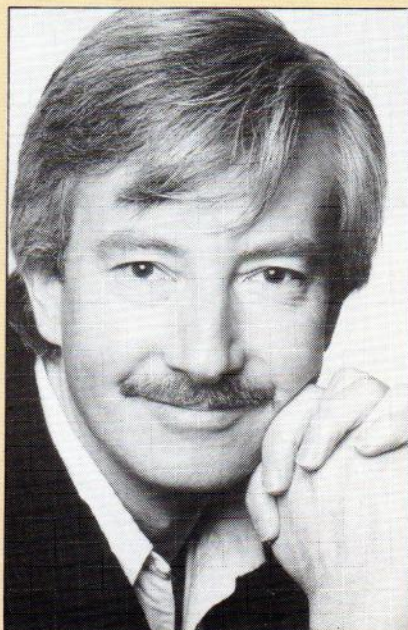
His 1986 engagements included lighting designs for *Me And My Girl*.

HUGH COLMAN Costume Designer

Hugh Colman graduated from Melbourne University in 1967 with a B.A. (Hons) in English and Fine Arts.

He trained with the Melbourne Theatre Company and joined their design team from 1970-74.

Since then, he has worked on nearly 70 productions for most of the major theatre, opera and dance companies in Australia – including designs for *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Twelfth Night*, *Peer Gynt*, *The Three Sisters*, *An Ideal Husband*, *Don Giovanni*, *The Magic Flute*, *Falstaff*, *Carmen* (for the Victoria State Opera's Melbourne production) and *Madama Butterfly* (for the VSO's 1982 regional tour and for the State Opera of South



Australia).

Commercial ventures include *The Foreigner* and costumes for *Stepping Out* (the Promcon Corporation) and the simulcast in 1984 of *The Sleeping Beauty* (Australian Ballet) which officially opened the State Theatre in the Victorian Arts Centre.

More recently, he has designed *She Stoops To Conquer*, *The Marriage Of Figaro*, sets for *Pravda*, costumes for *Measure For Measure* and the Nimrod production of *The Merchant Of Venice*.

Current projects include a re-staging of *Madama Butterfly* in Adelaide's Festival Theatre and a special Design Board grant project with Melbourne's Arena Theatre, for the Adelaide "Come Out" Festival in 1987.



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Jon Nicholls

Born in England, Jon Nicholls trained as an actor and came to Australia in 1970. He helped establish Adelaide's second professional company, Theatre 62.

After working for a short time in Melbourne with the Melbourne Theatre Company, he returned to England to the Arts Council of Great Britain's arts administration course.

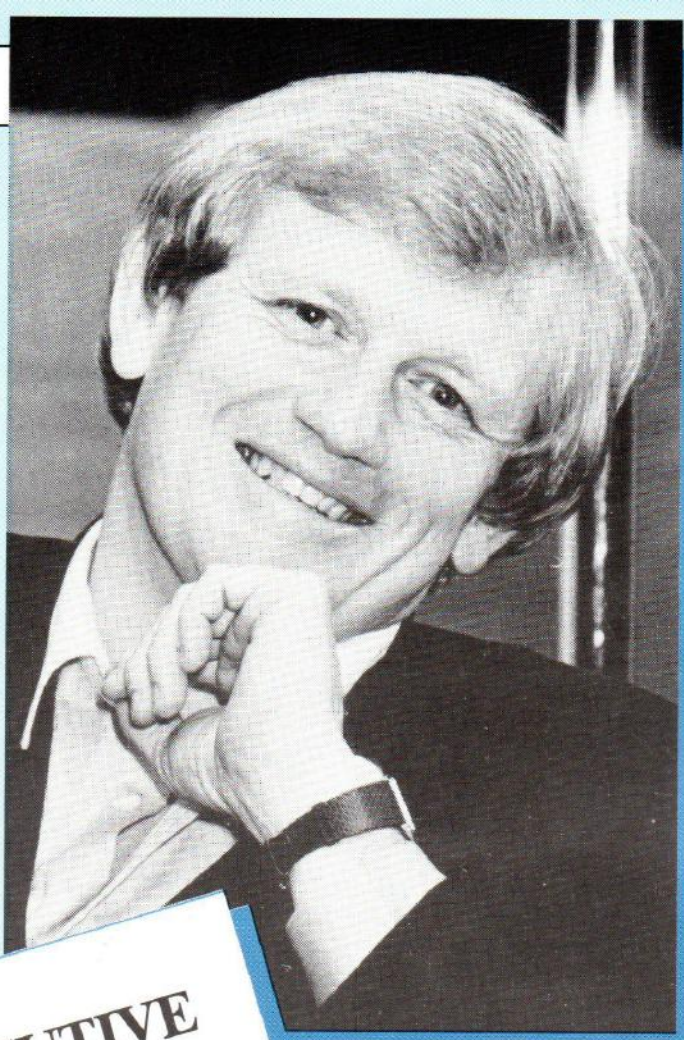
In 1974 he became General Manager of Crewe Theatre and in 1975 Director of the Bubble Theatre Company.

In 1976 Australia again lured Jon Nicholls when he returned to Adelaide to become Director of Activities for the Arts Council of South Australia.

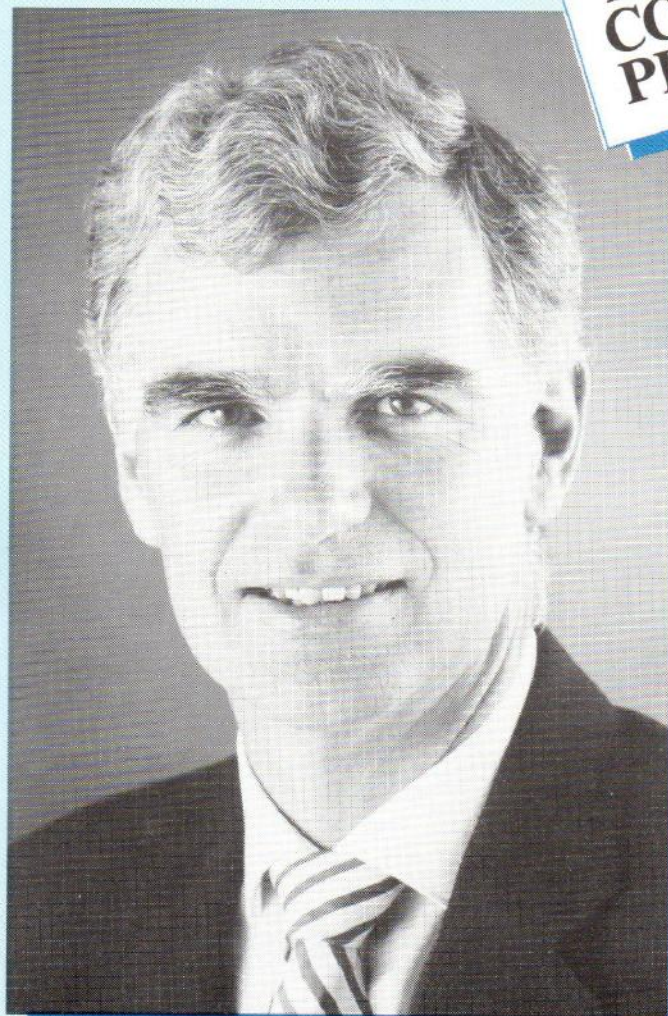
In 1980 Jon formed The Promcon Corporation with Adrian Bohm, then Publicity Manager of the South Australian Theatre Company. Promcon is now one of the busiest concert promoters of theatre productions in Australia.

Together their concert tours have included Rowan Atkinson, The Fureys, Pam Ayres, Jasper Carrot, The Chieftains, The King Singers, The Cambridge Buskers, Foster and Allen, Steeleye Span, The Nylons, The Flying Pickets, Julian Lloyd Webber and the Guinness Celebration of Irish Music.

Promcon's productions include *Stepping Out*, one of the most successful commercial productions of 1985, *The Nerd*, *Up 'n' Under* and *Are You Lonesome Tonight?*



THE CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS



Ken Mackenzie-Forbes

Ken Mackenzie-Forbes has been the General Manager of the Victoria State Opera since 1976. Under his management, the VSO has developed from a small, semi-professional company to the second major opera company in Australia, performing a broad range of musical entertainment.

Ken Mackenzie-Forbes was Senior Music Officer with the Australia Council from 1970 to 1974. Later, while administrator of the Elizabeth Trust Orchestras, he established the Australian Chamber Orchestra. In 1976, he was invited to Melbourne by the Victorian Ministry of the Arts to act as a consultant to the Ministry.

Ken Mackenzie-Forbes' first commercial production for the VSO was the smash hit musical version of the Broadway *Pirates Of Penzance* which grossed more than \$10 million in Australia. His major successes for the VSO include regular national television simulcasts of VSO productions, free opera performances at the Sidney Myer Music Bowl and the development of the opera company in its new home in the Victorian Arts Centre's State Theatre.



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NOEL PEARSON Original Producer

Noel Pearson produced the updated *HMS Pinafore* in Dublin. It was so successful that it played in Manchester before moving down south to London, hot on the heels of another of Noel Pearson's highly-acclaimed productions, *The Pirates Of Penzance*.

Noel Pearson was born and raised in Dublin and for 12 years managed the Irish singing group The Dubliners.

His theatrical productions in Ireland include *Jesus Christ Superstar* (Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice), *West Side Story* (Bernstein), *Cabaret* and *Side by Side by Sondheim*, *Tom Foolery*, based on the songs of Tom Lehrer and *Agnes of God* (John Peilmere).

Noel Pearson's London productions include *Richard Cork's Leg* by Brendan Behan at the Royal Court Theatre and *West Side Story* at the Shaftesbury Theatre.

His Broadway productions include *The Playboy of the Western World*, a dance version by the Irish National Ballet and *Brothers*, by George Sibbard. Off-Broadway, he has produced *Streetsongs*, with Geraldine Fitzgerald.

BILL WHELAN Musical Adaptor

Bill Whelan is in great demand in Ireland as a composer and arranger/producer. He worked with *HMS Pinafore's* Irish producer Noel Pearson on his previous hit *The Pirates of Penzance* and he has produced a track for the world-renowned Irish group U2. Among stars he has arranged music for are Kate Bush, Gemma Craven and Richard Harris.

EARL GILL Musical Consultant

Earl Gill also worked with Noel Pearson on *The Pirates of Penzance*. Earl Gill has his own band, The Hoedowners and his own TV series, The Earl Gill Band Show.

He began his musical career at the age of 12 as an actor and off-stage trumpeter in the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

The Hoedowners have had five number one hit records in Ireland and have toured America nine times. Earl has toured England with The Hoedowners and has enjoyed two sellout concerts at the Albert Hall.

THE HMS PINAFORE COMPANY

Executive Producers

Jon Nicholls and Ken Mackenzie-Forbes

Company Manager
Technical Director
Stage Director
Stage Managers

**Tony McNally
Rob Robertson
Geof Rumney
Andrea Lemke-Gaze
Naomi Stevenson
Raymond Nock
Wayne Scott Kermond
Ray Godden
Jim Paine
Peter Grubb
Clive Brown**

Dance Captain
Acrobatic Captain
Wardrobe Master
Head Mechanist
Sound Supervisor
Sound Engineer

Sydney Publicity Co-ordinator

Judith Johnson at Stagewise (02) 957 4514

Production Credits

Wardrobe **Ken Smith**
Wigs **Notter Anotonous**
Millinery **Zita Hats (men),
Katrina Brown (women)
David Murray**

Head Electrician **Virginia Mort**
Art Finishing and Jewellery **Scenic Studios Pty. Ltd.,
Fitzroy**
Settings painted by **System Sound Pty. Ltd.**

HMS Pinafore Programme:

Editor **Michael Kaye**
Written by **Peter Mayer**
Designer/
Production Manager **Josephine Brick**



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TRADITIONAL LIBRETTO H.M.S. PINAFORE OR THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B. (*First Lord of the Admiralty*)
 Captain Corcoran (*Commanding H.M.S. Pinafore*)
 Tom Tucker (*Midshipmite*)
 Ralph Rackstraw (*Able Seaman*)
 Dick Deadeye (*Able Seaman*)
 Bill Bobstay (*Boatswain's Mate*)
 Bob Becket (*Carpenter's Mate*)
 Josephine (*the Captain's Daughter*)
 Hebe (*Sir Joseph's First Cousin*)
 Little Buttercup (*a Portsmouth Bumboat Woman*)
 First Lord's Sisters, his Cousins, his Aunts, Sailors, Marines, etc.
 Scene. — Quarter-deck of H.M.S. Pinafore, off Portsmouth.
 Act I. — Noon Act II. — Night

First produced at the Opera Comique on May 25, 1878.

ACT I

Scene. — Quarter-deck of H.M.S. Pinafore. Sailors, led by Boatswain, discovered cleaning brasswork, splicing rope, etc.

CHORUS We sail the ocean blue,
 And our saucy ship's a beauty;
 We're sober men and true,
 And attentive to our duty.
 When the balls whistle free
 O'er the bright blue sea,
 We stand to our guns all day;
 When at anchor we ride
 On the Portsmouth tide,
 We have plenty of time to play.

Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP, with large basket on her arm.

RECIT.

Hail, men-o'-war's men — safeguards of your nation,
 Here is an end, at last, of all privation;
 You've got your pay — spare all you can afford
 To welcome Little Buttercup on board.

ARIA.

For I'm called Little Buttercup — dear Little Buttercup,
 Though I could never tell why,
 But still I'm called Buttercup — poor Little Buttercup,
 Sweet Little Buttercup I!

I've snuff and tobaccy and excellent jacky,
 I've scissors and watches and knives;
 I've ribbons and laces to set of the faces
 Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.

I've treacle and toffee, I've tea and I've coffee,
 Soft tommy and succulent chops;
 I've chickens and conies and pretty polonies,
 And excellent peppermint drops.

Then buy of your Buttercup — dear Little Buttercup,
 Sailors should never be shy;
 So, buy of your Buttercup — poor Little Buttercup;
 Come, of your Buttercup buy!

Boat. Aye, Little Buttercup — and well called — for you're the
 But. rosiest, the roundest and the reddest beauty in all Spithead.
 Red, am I? and round — and rosy! May be, for I have
 dissembled well! But hark ye, my merry friend — hast ever

Boat.
 Dick.
 But.

Boat.
 Dick.
 But.
 Dick.
 But.
 Dick.
 But.
 Dick.

All.
 Dick.
 Boat.

Dick.
 Boat.
 Dick.

But. (*looking down hatchway*).

But, tell me — who's the youth whose faltering feet
 With difficulty bear him on his course?
 Boat. That is the smartest lad in all the fleet — Ralph Rackstraw!
 But. Ha! That name! Remorse! remorse!

Enter Ralph from hatchway.

MADRIGAL — Ralph.

The Nightingale
 Sighed for the moon's bright ray,
 And told his tale
 In his own melodious way!
 He sang 'Ah, well-a-day!'
 ALL. He sang 'Ah, well-a-day!'
 The lowly vale
 For the mountain vainly sighed,
 To his humble wail
 The echoing hills replied.
 All. They sang 'Ah, well-a-day!'
 They sang 'Ah, well-a-day!'

RECIT.

I know the value of a kindly chorus,
 But choruses yield little consolation
 When we have pain and sorrow too before us!
 I love — and love, alas, above my station!
 But. (*aside*) He loves — and loves a lass above his station!
 All. (*aside*) Yes, yes, the lass is much above his station!

BALLAD — RALPH.

A maiden fair to see,
 The pearl of minstrelsy,
 A bud of blushing beauty;
 For whom proud nobles sigh,
 And with each other vie
 To do her menial's duty.
 All. To do her menial's duty.
 A suitor, lowly born,
 With hopeless passion torn,
 And poor beyond denying,
 Has dared for her to pine
 At whose exalted shrine
 A world of wealth is sighing.
 All. A world of wealth is sighing!
 Unlearned he in aught
 Save that which love has taught
 (For love had been his tutor);
 Oh, pity, pity me —
 Our captain's daughter she,
 And I that lowly suitor!
 All. And he that lowly suitor!
 Boat. Ah, my poor lad, you've climbed too high; our worthy
 captain's child won't have nothin' to say to a poor chap like
 you. Will she lads?
 All. No, no!
 Dick. No, no, captains' daughters don't marry foremast hands.
 All. (*recoiling from him*)
 Shame! shame!

Boat. Dick Deadeye, them sentiments o'yourn are a disgrace to our
 common natur'.

Ralph. But it's a strange anomaly, that the daughter of a man who
 hails from the quarter-deck may not love another who lays
 out on the fore-yard arm. For a man is but a man, whether
 he hoists his flag at the main-truck or his slacks on the main-
 deck.

Dick. Ah, it's a queer world!
 Ralph. Dick Deadeye, I have no desire to press hardly on you, but
 such a revolutionary sentiment is enough to make an honest
 sailor shudder.

Boat. My lads, our gallant captain has come on deck; let us greet him as so brave an officer and so gallant a seaman deserves.

Enter Captain Corcoran.

RECI.

Capt. My gallant crew, good morning.

All (*saluting.*)

Sir, good morning!

Capt. I hope you're all quite well.

All (*as before.*)

Quite well; and you, sir?

Capt. I am in reasonable health and happy

To meet you all once more.

All (*as before.*)

You do us proud, sir!

SONG — Capt.

Capt. I am the Captain of the *Pinafore*;

All. And a right good captain, too!

Capt. You're very, very good,

And be it understood,

I command a right good crew.

All. We're very, very good,

And be it understood,

He commands a right good crew.

Capt. Though related to a peer,

I can hand, reef and steer,

And ship a selvaagee;

I am never known to quail

At the fury of a gale,

And I'm never, never sick at sea!

What, never?

All. No, never!

All. What, *never*?

Capt. Hardly ever!

All. He's hardly ever sick at sea!

Then give three cheers and one cheer more,

For the hardy Captain of the *Pinafore*!

Capt. I do my best to satisfy you all —

All. And with you we're quite content.

Capt. You're exceedingly polite,

And I think it only right

To return the compliment.

All. We're exceedingly polite,

And he thinks it's only right

To return the compliment.

Capt. Bad language or abuse,

I never, never use,

Whatever the emergency;

Though 'Bother it' I may

Occasionally say,

I never use a big, big D—

What, never?

All. No, never!

All. What, *never*?

Capt. Hardly ever!

All. Hardly ever swears a big, big D—

Then give three cheers and one cheer more,

For the well-bred Captain of the *Pinafore*!

(*After song exeunt all but Captain.*)

Enter Little Buttercup.

RECITATIVE

But. Sir, you are sad! The silent eloquence

Of yonder tear that trembles on your eyelash

Proclaims a sorrow far more deep than common;

Confide in me — fear not — I am a mother!

Capt. Yes, Little Buttercup, I'm sad and sorry —

My daughter, Josephine, the fairest flower

That ever blossomed on ancestral timber,

Is sought in marriage by Sir Joseph Porter,

Our Admiralty's First Lord, but for some reason

She does not seem to tackle kindly to it.

But. (*with emotion.*)

Ah, poor Sir Joseph! Ah, I know too well

The anguish of a heart that loves but vainly!

But see, here comes your most attractive daughter.

I go — Farewell!

Exit.

Capt. (*looking after her.*)

A plump and pleasing person!

Exit.

Enter Josephine, twining some flowers which she carries in a

small basket.

BALLAD — Josephine.

Sorry her lot who loves too well,

Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,

Sad are the sighs that own the spell,

Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly;

Heavy the sorry that bows the head

When love is alive and hope is dead!

Sad is the hour when sets the sun —

Dark is the night to earth's poor daughters,

When to the ark the wearied one

Flies from the empty waste of waters!

Heavy the sorry that bows the head

When love is alive and hope is dead!

Enter Captain.

Capt.

My child, I grieve to see that you are a prey to melancholy. You should look your best to-day, for Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., will be here this afternoon to claim your promised hand.

Jos.

Ah, father, your words cut me to the quick. I can esteem — reverence — venerate Sir Joseph, for he is a great and good man; but oh, I cannot love him! My heart is already given.

Capt. (*aside.*)

It is then as I feared. (Aloud.) Given? And to whom? Not to some gilded lordling?

Jos.

No, father — the object of my love is no lordling. Oh, pity me, for he is but a humble sailor on board your own ship! Impossible!

Capt.

Yes, it is true — too true.

Jos.

A common sailor? Oh fie!

Capt.

I blush for the weakness that allows me to cherish such a passion. I hate myself when I think of the depth to which I have stooped in permitting myself to think tenderly of one so ignobly born, but I love him! I love him! I love him! (*Weeps.*)

Capt.

Come, my child, let us talk this over. In a matter of the heart I would not coerce my daughter — I attach but little value to rank or wealth, but the line must be drawn somewhere. A man in that station may be brave and worthy, but at every step he would commit solecisms that society would never pardon.

Jos.

Oh, I have thought of this night and day. But fear not, father, I have a heart and therefore I love; but I am your daughter and therefore I am proud. Though I carry my love with me to the tomb, he shall never, never know it.

Capt.

You are my daughter after all. But see, Sir Joseph's barge approaches, manned by twelve trusty oarsmen and accompanied by the admiring crowd of sisters, cousins and aunts that attend him wherever he goes. Retire, my daughter to your cabin — take this, his photograph, with you — it may help to bring you to a more reasonable frame of mind. My own thoughtful father!

Exit Josephine.

Captain remains and ascends the poop-deck.

BARCAROLLE (*invisible.*)

Over the bright blue sea

Comes Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.,

Wherever he may go

Bang-bang the loud nine-pounders go!

Shout o'er the bright blue sea

For Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.

(*During this the Crew have entered on tiptoe, listening attentively to the song.*)

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

Sir Joseph's barge is seen,

And its crowd of blushing beauties,

We hope he'll find us clean,

And attentive to our duties.

We sail, we sail the ocean blue,

And our saucy ship's a beauty.

We're sober, sober men and true

And attentive to our duty.

We're smart and sober men,

And quite devoid of fe-ar,

In all the Royal N.

None are so smart as we are.

Enter Sir Joseph's Female Relatives.

They dance round stage.

Rel.

Gaily tripping,

Lightly skipping,

Flock the maidens to the shipping.

Sailors.

Flags and guns and pennants dipping!

All the ladies love the shipping.

Rel.

Sailors sprightly

Always rightly

Welcome ladies so politely.

Sailors.

Ladies who can smile so brightly,

Sailors welcome so politely.

Capt. (*from poop.*)

Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way.

All.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Enter Sir Joseph with Cousin Hebe.

SONG — Sir Joseph

I am the monarch of the sea,

The ruler of the Queen's Navee,

Whose praise Great Britain loudly chants.

Cousin Hebe

And we are his sisters and his cousins and his aunts!

Sir Joseph

When at anchor here I ride,

My bosom swells with pride,

And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts;

Cousin Hebe

And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts!

All.

And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts!

Sir Joseph

But when the breezes blow,

I generally go below,

And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants!

Cousin Hebe

And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts!

All.

And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts!

His sisters and his cousins,

Whom he reckons up by dozens,

And his aunts!

SONG — Sir Joseph

When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an Attorney's firm.
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
I polished up the handle so carefullee
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
Chorus He polished, etc.
As office boy I made such a mark
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk
I served the writs with a smile so bland,
And I copied all the letters in a big round hand —
I copied all the letters in a hand so free,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
Chorus He copied, etc.
In serving writs I made such a name
That an articulated clerk I soon became;
I wore clean collars and a brand-new suit
For the pass examination did so well for me,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
Chorus And that pass examination, etc.
Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip
That they took me into the partnership.
And that junior partnership, I ween,
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.
But that kind of ship so suited me,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
Chorus But that kind, etc.
I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament.
I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
I thought so little, they rewarded me
By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
Chorus He thought so little, etc.
Now, landmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule —
Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,
And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee!
Chorus Stick close, etc.
Sir Joseph You've a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran.
Capt. It is a fine crew, Sir Joseph
Sir Joseph (*examining a very small midshipman*)
Capt. A British sailor is a splendid fellow, Captain Corcoran.
Sir Joseph A splendid fellow indeed, Sir Joseph
Capt. I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran.
Sir Joseph Indeed I hope so, Sir Joseph
Sir Joseph Never forget that they are the bulwarks of England's greatness, Captain Corcoran.
Capt. So I have always considered them, Sir Joseph
Sir Joseph No bullying, I trust — no strong language of any kind, eh?
Capt. Oh, never, Sir Joseph
Sir Joseph What, never?
Capt. Hardly ever, Sir Joseph They are an excellent crew, and do their work thoroughly without it.
Sir Joseph. Don't patronise them, sir — pray, don't patronise them.
Capt. Certainly not, Sir Joseph
Sir Joseph That you are their captain is an accident of birth. I cannot permit these noble fellows to be patronised because of an accident of birth has placed you above them and them below you.
Capt. I am the last person to insult a British sailor, Sir Joseph
Sir Joseph You are the last person who did, Captain Corcoran. Desire that splendid seaman to step forward.
(*Dick comes forward*).
Sir Joseph No, no, the other splendid seaman.
Capt. Ralph Rackstraw, three paces to the front — march!
Sir Joseph (*sternly*)
If what?
Capt. I beg your pardon — I don't think I understand you.
Sir Joseph If you please.
Capt. Oh, yes, of course. If you please.
(*Ralph steps forward*).
Sir Joseph You're a remarkably fine fellow.
Ralph. Yes, your honour.
Sir Joseph And a first-rate seaman, I'll be bound.
Ralph. There's not a smarter topman in the Navy, your honour, though I say it who shouldn't.
Sir Joseph Not at all. Proper self-respect, nothing more. Can you dance a hornpipe?
Ralph. No, your honour.
Sir Joseph That's a pity: all sailors should dance hornpipes. I will teach you one this evening, after dinner. Now tell me — don't be afraid — how does your captain treat you, eh?
Ralph. A better captain don't walk the deck, your honour.
All. Aye! Aye!
Sir Joseph Good. I like to hear you speak well of your commanding officer; I daresay he don't deserve it, but still it does you credit. Can you sing?
Ralph. I can hum a little, your honour.

Sir Joseph Then hum at your leisure. (*Giving him MS. music*) It is a song that I have composed for the use of the Royal Navy. It is designed to encourage independence of thought and action in the lower branches of the service and to teach the principle that a British sailor is any man's equal, excepting mine. Now, Captain Corcoran, a word with you in your cabin, on a tender and sentimental subject.
Capt. Aye, aye, Sir Joseph (*Crossing*). Boatswain, in commemoration of this joyous occasion, see that extra grog is served out to the ship's company at seven bells.
Boat. Beg pardon. If what, your honour?
Capt. If what? I don't think I understand you.
Boat. If you please, your honour.
Capt. What!
Sir Joseph The gentleman is quite right. If you please.
Capt. (*stamping his foot impatiently*)
If you please! Exit.
Sir Joseph For I hold that on the seas
The expression, 'if you please',
A particularly gentlemanly tone implants.
Cousin Hebe. And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts!
All. And so do his sisters, his cousins and his aunts!
Exeunt Sir Joseph and Relatives.
Boat. Ah! Sir Joseph's a true gentleman; courteous and considerate to the very humblest.
Ralph. True, Boatswain, but we are not the very humblest. Sir Joseph has explained our true position to us. As he says, a British seaman is any man's equal excepting his and if Sir Joseph says that, is it not our duty to believe him?
All. Well spoke! well spoke!
Dick. You're on a wrong tack and so is he. He means well, but he don't know. When people have to obey other people's orders, equality's out of the question.
All. (*recoiling*) Horrible! horrible!
Boat. Dick Deadeye, if you go for to infuriate this here ship's company too far, I won't answer for being able to hold 'em in. I'm shocked! that's what I am — shocked!
Ralph. Messmates, my mind's made-up. I'll speak to the captain's daughter and tell her, like an honest man, of the honest love I have for her.
All. Aye, aye!
Ralph. Is not my love as good as another's? Is not my heart as true as another's? Have I not hands and eyes and ears and limbs like another?
All. Aye, aye!
Ralph. True, I lack birth —
Boat. You've a berth on board this very ship.
Ralph. Well said — I had forgotten that. Messmates — what do you say? Do you approve my determination?
All. We do.
Dick. I don't.
Boat. What is to be done with this here hopeless chap. Let us sing him the song that Sir Joseph had kindly composed for us. Perhaps it will bring this here miserable creetur to a proper state of mind.
GLEE *Ralph, Boatswain, Boatswain's Mate and Chorus.*
A British tar is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird,
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word.
His nose should pant and his lip should curl,
His cheeks should flame and his brow should furl,
His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.
Chorus. His nose should pant, etc.
His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,
His brow with scorn be wrung;
He never should bow down to a domineering frown,
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.
His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl;
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude — (*pose*).
Chorus. His foot should stamp, etc.
(*All dance off excepting Ralph, who remains, leaning pensively against bulwark.*)
Enter Josephine from cabin.
Jos. It is useless — Sir Joseph's attentions nauseate me. I know that he is a truly great and good man, for he told me so himself, but to me he seems tedious, fretful and dictatorial. Yet his must be a mind of no common order, or he would not dare to teach my dear father to dance a hornpipe on the cabin table. (*Sees Ralph.*) Ralph Rackstraw! (*Overcome by emotion.*)
Ralph. Aye, lady — no other than poor Ralph Rackstraw!
Jos. (*aside.*) How my heart beats! (*Aloud.*) And why poor, Ralph?
Ralph. I am poor in the essence of happiness, lady — rich only in never-ending unrest. In me there meet a combination of antithetical elements which are at eternal war with one another. Driven hither by objective influences — thither by subjective emotions — wafted one moment into blazing day, by mocking hope — plunged the next into the Currierian darkness of tangible despair, I am but a living ganglion of irreconcilable antagonisms. I hope I make myself clear, lady?

Jos. Perfectly. (*Aside.*) His simple eloquence goes to my heart. Oh, if I dared — but no, the thought is madness! (*Aloud*) Dismiss these foolish fancies, they torture you but needlessly. Come, make one effort.

Ralph. (*Aside.*) I will — one. (*Aloud.*) Josephine!

Jos. (*indignantly.*) Sir!

Ralph. Aye, even though Jove's armoury were launched at the head of the audacious mortal whose lips, unhallowed by relationship, dared to breathe that precious word, yet I breathe it once and then perchance be silent evermore. Josephine, in one brief breath I will concentrate the hopes, the doubts, the anxious fears of six weary months. Josephine, I am a British sailor and I love you!

Jos. Sir, this audacity! (*Aside.*) Oh, my heart, my beating heart! (*Aloud.*) This unwarrantable presumption on the part of a common sailor! (*Aside.*) Common! oh, the irony of the word! (*Crossing, aloud.*) Oh, sir, you forget the disparity in our ranks.

Ralph. I forget nothing, haughty lady. I love you desperately, my life is in your hand — I lay it at your feet! Give me hope and what I lack in education and polite accomplishments, that I will endeavour to acquire. Drive me to despair and in death alone I shall look for consolation. I am proud and cannot stoop to implore. I have spoken and I wait your word.

Jos. You shall not wait long. Your proffered love I haughtily reject. Go, sir and learn to cast your eyes on some village maiden in your own poor rank — they should be lowered before your captain's daughter!

Jos. **DUET — Josephine and Ralph.**

Refrain, audacious tar,
Your suit from pressing,
Remember what you are,
And whom addressing!

(*Aside*) I'd laugh my rank to scorn
In union holy,
Were he more highly born
Or I more lowly!

Ralph. Proud lady, have your way,
Unfeeling beauty!
You speak and I obey,
It is my duty!

I am the lowliest tar
That sails the water,
And you, proud maiden, are
My captain's daughter!

(*Aside*) My heart with anguish torn
Bows down before her,
She laughs my love to scorn,
Yet I adore her!

Repeat refrain, ensemble, then exit Josephine into cabin.

Ralph (*Recit.*) Can I survive this overbearing
Or live a life of mad despairing,
My proffered love despised, rejected?
No, no, it's not to be expected!

(*Calling off.*)
Messmates, ahoy!
Come here! Come here!

Enter Sailors, Hebe and Relatives.
All. Aye, aye, my boy,
What cheer, what cheery?
Now tell us, pray,
Without delay,
What does she say —
What cheer, what cheer?

Ralph (*to Cousin Hebe*).
The maiden treats my suit with scorn,
Rejects my humble gift, my lady;
She says I am ignobly born,
And cuts my hopes adrift, my lady.
Oh, cruel one.

Dick. she spurns your suit? Oho! Oho!
I told you so, I told you so.

Sailors and Relatives. Shall we/ they submit?
Are we/ they but slaves?
Love comes alike to high and low —
Britannia's sailors rule the waves,
And shall they stoop to insult? No!

Dick. You must submit you are but slaves;
A lady she! Oho! Oho!

Ralph. You lowly toilers of the waves,
She spurns you all — I told you so!
My friends, my leave of life I'm talking,
For oh, my heart, my heart is breaking.
When I am gone, oh, prithee tell
The maid that, as I died, I loved her well!

All (*turning away, weeping*).

Of life, alas! his leave he's taking,
For ah! his faithful heart is breaking;
When he is gone we'll surely tell
The maid that, as he died, he loved her well.

(*During Chorus* Boatswain has loaded pistol, which he hands to Ralph.)

Ralph. Be warned, my messmates all

Who love in rank above you —
For Josephine I fall!

(*Puts pistol to his head. All the sailors stop their ears.*)
Enter Josephine on deck.

Jos. Ah! stay your hand! I love you!

All. Ah! stay your hand — she loves you!

Ralph. (*incredulously.*) Loves me?

Jos. Loves you!

All. Yes, yes — ah, yes, — she loves you!

ENSEMBLE

Sailors and Relatives and Josephine.

Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,
For now the sky is all serene;
The god of day — the orb of love —
Has hung his ensign high above
The sky is all ablaze.

With wooing words and loving song,
We chase the lagging hours along,
And if I find/ we find the maiden coy,
I'll/ We'll murmur forth decorous joy
In dreamy roundelays!

Dick Deadeye

He thinks he's won his Josephine.
But though the sky is now serene,
A frowning thunderbolt above
May end their ill-assorted love
Which now is all ablaze.

Our captain, ere the day is gone,
Will be extremely down upon
The wicked men who art employ
To make his Josephine less coy
In many various ways.

Exit Dick.

Jos. This very night,
Hebe. With bated breath

Ralph. And muffled oar —

Jos. Without a light,

Hebe. As still as death,

Ralph. We'll steal ashore

Jos. A clergyman

Ralph. Shall make us one

Boat. At half-past ten,

Jos. And then we can

Ralph. Return, for none

Boat. Can part them then!

All. this very night, etc.

(*Dick appears at hatchway.*)

Dick. Forbear, nor carry out the scheme you've planned;
She is a lady — You a foremast hand!
Remember, she's your gallant captain's daughter,
And you the meanest slave that crawls the water!

All. Back, vermin back,
Nor mock us!
Back, vermin, back,
You shock us!

Exit Dick.

Let's give three cheers for the sailor's bride

Who casts all thought of rank aside —

Who gives up home and fortune too

For the honest love of a sailor true!

For a British tar is a soaring soul

As free as a mountain bird!

His energetic fist should be ready to resist

A dictatorial word!

His food should stamp and his throat should growl,

His hair should twirl and his face should scowl,

His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,

And this should be his customary attitude — (*pose*).

GENERAL DANCE END OF ACT I

ACT II Same Scene. Night. Awning removed. Moonlight.

Captain discovered singing on poop-deck and accompanying himself on a mandolin. Little Buttercup seated on quarter-deck, gazing sentimentally at him.

SONG — Captain

Fair moon, to thee I sing,

Bright regent of the heavens,

Say, why is everything

Either at sixes or at sevens?

I have lived hitherto

Free from breath of slander,

Beloved by all my crew —

A really popular commander.

But now my kindly crew rebel,

My daughter to a tar is partial,

Sir Joseph storms and, sad to tell,

He threatens a court martial!

Fair moon, to thee I sing,

Bright regent of the heavens,

Say, why is everything

Either at sixes or at sevens?

But. How sweetly he carols forth his melody to the unconscious moon! Of whom is he thinking? Of some high-born beauty? It may be! Who is poor Little Buttercup that she should expect his

glance to fall on one so lowly! And yet if he knew — if he only knew!

Capt. (coming down.) Ah! Little Buttercup, still on board? That is not quite right, little one. It would have been more respectable to have gone on shore at dusk.

But. True, dear Captain — but the recollection of your sad pale face seemed to chain me to the ship. I would fain see you smile before I go.

Capt. Ah! Little Buttercup, I fear it will be long before I recover my accustomed cheerfulness, for misfortunes crowd upon me and all my old friends seem to have turned against me!

But. Oh no — do not say 'all', dear Captain. That were unjust to one, at least.

Capt. True, for you are staunch to me. (Aside.) If ever I gave my heart again, methinks it would be to such a one as this! (Aloud.) I am touched to the heart by your innocent regard for me and were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it. But as it is, I fear I can never be more to you than a friend.

But. I understand! You hold aloof from me because you are rich and lofty — and I poor and lowly. But take care! The poor bumboat woman has gipsy blood in her veins and she can read destinies.

Capt. Destinies?

But. There is a change in store for you!

Capt. A change?

But. Aye — be prepared!

DUET — Little Buttercup and Captain

But. Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream;
Highlows pass as patent leathers;
Jackdraws strut in peacock's feathers.

Capt. (puzzled)

Very true, So they do.

But. Black sheep dwell in every fold;
All that glitters is not gold;
Storks turn out to be but logs;
Bulls are but inflated frogs.

Capt. (puzzled)

So they be, Frequentlee.

But. Drops the wind and stops the mill;
Turbot is ambitious brill;
Gild the farthing if you will,
Yet it is a farthing still.

Capt. (puzzled) Yes, I know,
That is so.

Though to catch your drift I'm striving,
It is shady — it is shady;
I don't see at what you're driving,
Mystic lady — mystic lady.

(Aside.) Stern conviction's o'er me stealing,
That the mystic lady's dealing
In oracular revealing.

But. Stern convictions o'er him stealing,
(Aside.) That the mystic lady's dealing
In oracular revealing.

Both. Yes, I know — That is so!

Capt. Though I'm anything but clever,
I could talk like that for ever;
Once a cat was killed by care;
Only brave deserve the fair.

But. Very true, So they do.

Capt. Wink is often good as nod;
Spoils the child who spares the rod;
Thirsty lambs run foxy dangers;
Dogs are found in many mangers.

But. Frequentlee, I agree.

Capt. Paw of cat the chestnut snatches;
Worn-out garments show new patches;
Only count the chick that hatches;
Men are grown-up catchy-catchies.

But. Yes, I know, That is so.

(Aside.) Though to catch my drift he's striving,
I'll dissemble — I'll dissemble;
When he sees at what I'm driving,
Let him tremble — let him tremble!

ENSEMBLE

Though a mystic tone you/I borrow,
You will/I shall learn the truth with sorrow,
Here to-day and gone to-morrow;
Yes, I know — That is so!

At the end exit Little Buttercup melodramatically.

Capt. Incomprehensible as her utterances are, I nevertheless feel that they are dictated by a sincere regard for me. But to what new misery is she referring? Time alone can tell!

Enter Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph. Captain Corcoran, I am much disappointed with your daughter. In fact, I don't think she will do.

Capt. She won't do, Sir Joseph!

Sir Joseph. I'm afraid not. The fact is, that although I have urged my suit with as much eloquence as is consistent with an official utterance, I have done so hitherto without success. How do you account for this?

Capt. Really, Sir Joseph, I hardly know. Josephine is of course sensible of your condescension.

Sir Joseph. She naturally would be.

Capt. But perhaps your exalted rank dazzles her.

Sir Joseph. You think it does?

Capt. I can hardly say; but she is a modest girl and her social position is far below your own. It may be that she feels she is not worthy of you.

Sir Joseph. That is really a very sensible suggestion and displays more knowledge of human nature than I had given you credit for.

Capt. See, she comes. If your lordship would kindly reason with her and assure her officially that it is a standing rule at the Admiralty that love levels all ranks, her respect for an official utterance might induce her to look upon your offer in its proper light.

Sir Joseph. It is not unlikely. I will adopt your suggestion. But soft, she is here. Let us withdraw and watch our opportunity.

Enter Josephine from cabin. First Lord and Captain retire.

SCENA — Josephine

The hours creep on apace,

My guilty heart is quaking!

Oh, that I might retrace

The step that I am taking!

It's folly it were easy to be showing,

What I am giving up and whither going.

One the one hand, papa's luxurious home,

Hung with ancestral armour and old brasses,

Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome,

Rare 'blue and white' Venetian finger-glasses,

Rich oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows,

And everything that isn't old, from Gillow's.

And on the other, a dark and dingy room,

In some back street with stuffy children crying,

Where organs yell and clacking housewives fume,

And clothes are hanging out all day a-drying.

With one-cracked looking-glass to see your face in,

And dinner served up in a pudding basin!

A simple sailor, lowly born,

Unlettered and unknown,

Who toils for bread from early morn

Till half the night has flown!

No golden rank can he impart —

No wealth of house or land —

No fortune save his trusty heart

And honest brown right hand!

And yet he is so wondrous fair

That love for one so passing rare,

So peerless in his manly beauty,

Were little else than solemn duty!

Oh, god of love and god of reason, say,

Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey!

Sir Joseph and Captain enter.

Sir Joseph. Madam, it has been represented to me that you are appalled by my exalted rank. I desire to convey to you officially my assurance, that if your hesitation is attributable to that circumstance, it is uncalled for.

Jos. Oh! then your lordship is of opinion that married happiness is not inconsistent with discrepancy in rank?

Sir Joseph. I am officially of that opinion.

Jos. That the high and lowly may be truly happy together, provided that they truly love one another?

Sir Joseph. Madam, I desire to convey to you officially my opinion that love is a platform upon which all ranks meet.

Jos. I thank you, Sir Joseph. I *did* hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer. (Aside.) He little thinks how eloquently he has pleaded his rival's cause!

TRIO

First Lord, Captain and Josephine.

Capt. Never mind the why and wherefore,

Love can level ranks and therefore,

Though his lordship's station's mighty,

Though stupendous be his brain,

Though your tastes are mean and flighty

And your fortune poor and plain,

Capt. and Ring the merry bells on board-ship

Sir Joseph. Rend the air with warbling wild.

For the union of his/my lordship

With a humble captain's child!

Capt. For a humble captain's daughter —

Jos. For a gallant captain's daughter —

Sir Joseph. And a lord who rules the water —

Jos. (Aside.) And a tar who ploughs the water!

All. Let the air with joy be laden,

Rend with songs the air above,

For the union of a maiden

With the man who owns her love!

Sir Joseph. Never mind the why and wherefore,

Love can level ranks and therefore,

Though your nautical relation (alluding to Capt.)

In my set could scarcely pass —

Though you occupy a station

In the lower middle class —

Capt. and Ring the merry bells on board-ship

Sir Joseph. Rend the air with warbling wild.

For the union of my/his lordship

Capt. With a humble captain's child!
 Jos. For a humble captain's daughter —
 Sir Joseph. For a gallant captain's daughter —
 Jos. (aside.) And a lord who rules the water —
 All. And a tar who ploughs the water!
 Let the air with joy be laden,
 Rend the songs the air above,
 For the union of a maiden
 With the man who owns her love!
 Jos. Never mind the why and wherefore,
 Love can level ranks and therefore
 I admit the jurisdiction;
 Ably have you played your part;
 You have carried firm conviction
 To my hesitating heart.
 Capt. and Sir Joseph. Ring the merry bells on board-ship,
 Rend the air with warbling wild,
 For the union of my/ his lordship
 with a humble captain's child!
 Capt. For a humble captain's daughter —
 Jos. For a gallant captain's daughter —
 Sir Joseph. And a lord who rules the water —
 Jos. (aside.) And a tar who ploughs the water!
 (Aloud.) Let the air with joy be laden.
 Capt. and Sir Joseph. Ring the merry bells on board-ship —
 Jos. For the union of a maiden —
 Capt. and Sir Joseph. For her union with his lordship.
 All. Rend with songs the air above
 For the man who owns her love!

Exit Jos.
 Capt. Sir Joseph, I cannot express to you my delight at the happy
 result of your eloquence. Your argument was unanswerable.
 Sir Joseph. Captain Corcoran, it is one of the happiest characteristics of this
 glorious country that official utterances are invariably regarded
 as unanswerable.

Exit Sir Joseph.
 Capt. At last my fond hopes are to be crowned. My only daughter is to
 be the bride of a Cabinet Minister. The prospect is Elysian.
 (During this speech Dick Deadeye has entered.)
 Dick. Captain.
 Capt. Deadeye! You here? Don't! (Recoiling from him.)
 Dick. Ah, don't shrink from me, captain. I'm unpleasant to look at
 and my name's agin me, but I ain't as bad as I seem.
 Capt. What would you with me?
 Dick (mysteriously.)

I'm come to give you warning.
 Capt. Indeed! do you propose to leave the Navy then?
 Dick. No, no, you misunderstand me; listen!

DUET.

Captain and Dick Deadeye.
 Dick. Kind Captain, I've important information,
 Sing hey, the kind commander that you are,
 About a certain intimate relation,
 Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.
 Both. The merry maiden and the tar.
 Capt. Good fellow, in conundrums you are speaking,
 Sing hey, the mystic sailor that you are;
 The answer to them vainly I am seeking;
 Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.
 Both. The merry maiden and the tar.
 Dick. Kind Captain, your young lady is a-sighing,
 Sing hey, the simple captain that you are,
 This very night with Rackstraw to be flying;
 Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.
 Both. The merry maiden and the tar.
 Capt. Good fellow, you have given timely warning,
 Sing hey, the thoughtful sailor that you are,
 I'll talk to Master Rackstraw in the morning;
 Sing hey, the cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar.

(Producing a 'cat')

Both. The merry cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar!
 Capt. Dick Deadeye, — I thank you for your warning. I will at once
 take means to arrest the flight. This boat clock will afford me
 ample disguise — So! (Enters himself in a mysterious cloak,
 holding it before his face.)
 Dick. Ha, ha! They are foiled — foiled — foiled!

Enter crew on tiptoe, with Ralph and Boatswain meeting Josephine, who
 enters from cabin on tiptoe, with bundle of necessities and accompanied by
 Little Buttercup.

ENSEMBLE.

Carefully on tiptoe stealing,
 Breathing gently as we may,
 Every step with caution feeling,
 We will softly steal away.

(Captain stamps.) — Chord.

All. (much alarmed.)

It was — it was the cat!

Capt. (producing cat-o'-nine-tails.)

They're right, it was the cat!
 All. Pull ashore, in fashion steady,

Hymen will defray the fare,
 For a clergyman is ready
 To unite the happy pair!
 (Stamp as before and Chord.)

All. Goodness me,
 Why, what was that?
 Dick. Silent be,
 Again the cat!
 All. It was again the cat!

Capt. (aside.)

They're right, it was the cat!
 Hold! (All start.)
 Capt. (throwing off cloak.) Pretty daughter of mine,
 I insist upon knowing
 Where you may be going
 With these sons of the brine,
 For my excellent crew,
 Though foes they could thump any,
 Are scarcely fit company,
 My daughter, for you.
 Crew. Now, hard at that, do!
 Though foes we could thump any,
 We are scarcely fit company
 For a lady like you!
 Ralph. Proud officer, that haughty lip on curl!
 Vain man, suppress that supercilious sneer,
 For I have dared to love your matchless girl,
 A fact well known to all my messmates here!
 Capt. Oh, horror!
 Ralph and Jos. I/ He humble, poor and lowly born,
 The meanest in the port division —
 The butt of epauletted scorn —
 The mark of quarter-deck derision —
 Have/ Has dared to raise my/ his wormy eyes
 Above the dust to which you'd mould him/ me
 In manhood's glorious pride to rise,
 He is/ I am an Englishman — behold him/ me !

All. He is an Englishman!
 Boat. He is an Englishman!
 For he himself has said it,
 And it's greatly to his credit,
 That he is an Englishman!
 All. That he is an Englishman!
 Boat. For he might have been a Roosian,
 A French, or Turk, or Proosian,
 Or perhaps Itali-an!
 All. Or perhaps Itali-an!
 Boat. But in spite of all temptations
 To belong to other nations,
 He remains an Englishman!
 All. For in spite of all temptations, etc.

Capt. In uttering a reprobation
 (trying to repress his anger) To any British tar,
 I try to speak with moderation,
 But you have gone too far.
 I'm very sorry to disparage
 A humble foremast lad,
 But to seek your captain's child in marriage,
 Why, damme, it's too bad!

During this, Cousin Hebe and Female Relatives have entered.
 All. (shocked.)

Oh!
 Capt. Yes, damme, it's too bad!
 All. Oh!

Capt. and Dick Deadeye
 Yes, damme, it's too bad.

During this, Sir Joseph has appeared on poop-deck. He is horrified at the
 bad language.

Hebe. Did you hear him — did you hear him?
 Oh, the monster overbearing!
 Don't go near him — don't go near him —
 He is swearing — he is swearing!

Sir Joseph. My pain and my distress,
 I find it is not easy to express;
 My amazement — my surprise —
 You may learn from the expression of my eyes!

Capt. My lord — one word — the facts are not before you;
 The word was injudicious, I allow —
 But hear my explanation, I implore you,
 And you will be indignant too, I vow!

Sir Joseph. I will hear of no defence,
 Attempt none if you're sensible.
 That word of evil sense
 Is wholly indefensible.
 Go, ribald, get you hence
 To your cabin with celerity.
 This is the consequence
 Of ill-advised asperity!

(Exit Captain, disgraced, followed by Josephine.)

All. This is the consequence
 Of ill-advised asperity!
 Sir Joseph. For I'll teach you all, ere long,
 To refrain from language strong,

For I haven't any sympathy for ill-bred taunts!
No more have his sisters, nor his cousins, nor his aunts.

Hebe.
All. For he is an Englishman, etc.
Sir Joseph. Now, tell me, my fine fellow — for you are a fine fellow —
Ralph. Yes, your honour.
Sir Joseph. How came your captain so far to forget himself? I am quite sure you had given him no cause for annoyance.
Ralph. Please your honour, it was thus-wise. You see I'm only a topman — a mere foremost hand —
Sir Joseph. Don't be ashamed of that. Your position as a topman is a very exalted one.

Ralph. Well, your honour, love burns as brightly in the fo'c'sle as it does on the quarter-deck and Josephine is the fairest bud that ever blossomed upon the tree of a poor fellow's wildest hopes.

Enter Josephine; she rushes to Ralph's arms.

Jos. Darling! (Sir Joseph horrified.)
Ralph. She is the figurehead of my ship of life — the bright beacon that guides me into my port of happiness — the rarest, the purest gem that every sparkled on a poor but worthy fellow's trusting brow!

All. Very pretty, very pretty!

Sir Joseph. Insolent sailor, you shall repent this outrage. Seize him! (Two Marines seize him and handcuff him.)

Jos. Oh, Sir Joseph, spare him, for I love him tenderly.

Sir Joseph. Pray, don't. I will teach this presumptuous mariner to discipline his affections. Have you such a thing as a dungeon on board?

All. We have!

Dick. They have!

Sir Joseph. Then load him with chains and take him there at once!

OCTETTE.

Ralph. Farewell, my own,
Light of my life, farewell!

For crime unknown

I go to a dungeon cell.

Jos. I will atone.

In the meantime farewell!

And all alone

Rejoice in your dungeon cell!

Sir Joseph. A bone, a bone

I'll pick with this sailor fell;

Let him be shown

At once to his dungeon cell.

Boatswain, Dick Deadeye and Cousin Hebe.

He'll hear no tone

Of the maiden he loves so well!

No telephone

Communicates with his cell!

But (mysteriously)

But when is known

The secret I have to tell,

Wide will be thrown

The door his dungeon cell.

All. For crime unknown

He goes to a dungeon cell!

Ralph is led off in custody.

Sir Joseph. My pain and my distress
Again it is not easy to express.

My amazement, my surprise,

Again you may discover from my eyes.

All. How terrible the aspect of his eyes!

But. Hold! Ere upon your loss

You lay much stress

A long-concealed crime

I would confess.

SONG — Buttercup.

A many years ago,

When I was young and charming,

As some of you may know,

I practised baby-farming.

All. Now this is most alarming!

When she was young and charming,

She practised baby-farming.

But. A many years ago,

Two tender babes I nussed:

One was of low condition,

The other, upper crust,

A regular patrician.

All (explaining to each other.)

Now, this is the position:

One was of low condition,

The other a patrician,

A many years ago.

But. Oh, bitter is my cup!

However could I do it?

I mixed those children up.

And not a creature knew it!

All. However could you do it!

Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it,

Although no creature knew it,

So many years ago.

In time each little waif

Forsook his foster-mother,

The well-born babe was Ralph —

Your captain was the other!!

All. They left their foster-mother,
The one was Ralph, our brother,
Our captain was the other,
A many years ago.

Sir Joseph. Then I am to understand that Captain Corcoran and Ralph were exchanged in childhood's happy hour — that Ralph is

But. That is the idea I intended to convey, officially!

Sir Joseph. And very well you have conveyed it.

But. Aye! aye! yer 'onour.

Sir Joseph. Dear me! Let them appear before me at once!

Ralph enters as Captain; Captain as a common sailor. Josephine rushes to his arms.

Jos. My father — a common sailor!

Capt. It is hard, is it not, my dear?

Sir Joseph. This is a very singular occurrence; I congratulate you both. (To Ralph) Desire that remarkably fine seaman to step forward.

Ralph. Corcoran. Three paces to the front — march!

Capt. If what?

Ralph. If what? I don't think I understand you.

Capt. If you please.

Sir Joseph. The gentleman is quite right. If you please.

Ralph. Oh! If you please. (Captain steps forward.)

Sir Joseph (to Captain.)

You are an extremely fine fellow.

Capt. Yes, your honour.

Sir Joseph. So it seems that you were Ralph and Ralph was you.

Capt. So it seems, your honour.

Sir Joseph. Well, I need not tell you that after this change in your condition, a marriage with your daughter will be out of the question.

Capt. Don't say that, your honour — love levels all ranks.

Sir Joseph. It does to a considerable extent, but it does not level them as much as that. (Handing Josephine to Ralph.) Here — take her, sir and mind you treat her kindly.

Ralph and Jos

Oh bliss, oh rapture!

Capt and But

Oh rapture, oh bliss!

Sir Joseph. Sad my lot and sorry,

What shall I do? I cannot live alone!

Hebe. Fear nothing — while I live I'll not desert you.

I'll sooth and comfort your declining days.

Sir Joseph. No, don't do that.

Hebe. Yes, but indeed I'd rather —

Sir Joseph. To-morrow morn our vows shall all be plighted,

(resigned) Three loving pairs on the same day united!

QUARTETTE.

Josephine, Hebe, Ralph and Deadeye.

Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,

The clouded sky is now serene,

The god of day the orb of love,

Has hung his ensign high above,

The sky is all ablaze.

With wooin' words and loving song,

We'll chase the lagging hours along,

And if he finds/I find the maiden coy,

We'll murmur forth decorous joy,

In dreamy roundelay.

Capt. For he's the Captain of the *Pinafore*.

All. And a right good captain too!

Capt. And though before my fall

I was captain of you all,

I'm a member of the crew.

All. Although before his fall etc.

Capt. I shall marry with a wife,

In my humble rank of life! (turning to But.)

And you, my own, are she —

I must wander to and fro,

But wherever I may go,

I shall never be untrue to thee!

All. What, never?

Capt. No, never!

All. What, never?

Capt. Hardly ever!

All. Hardly ever be untrue to thee.

Thy give three cheers, and cheer more

For the former Captain of the *Pinafore*.

But. For he loves Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup,

Though I could never tell why,

But still he loves Buttercup, poor little Buttercup,

Sweet Little Buttercup, aye!

For he loves, etc.

All. For he loves, etc.

Sir Joseph. I'm the monarch of the sea,

And when I've married thee (to Hebe),

I'll be true to the devotion that my love implants,

Then good-bye to his sisters and his cousins and his aunts,

Especially his cousins,

Whom he reckons up by dozens,

His sisters and his cousins and his aunts!

All. For he is an Englishman,

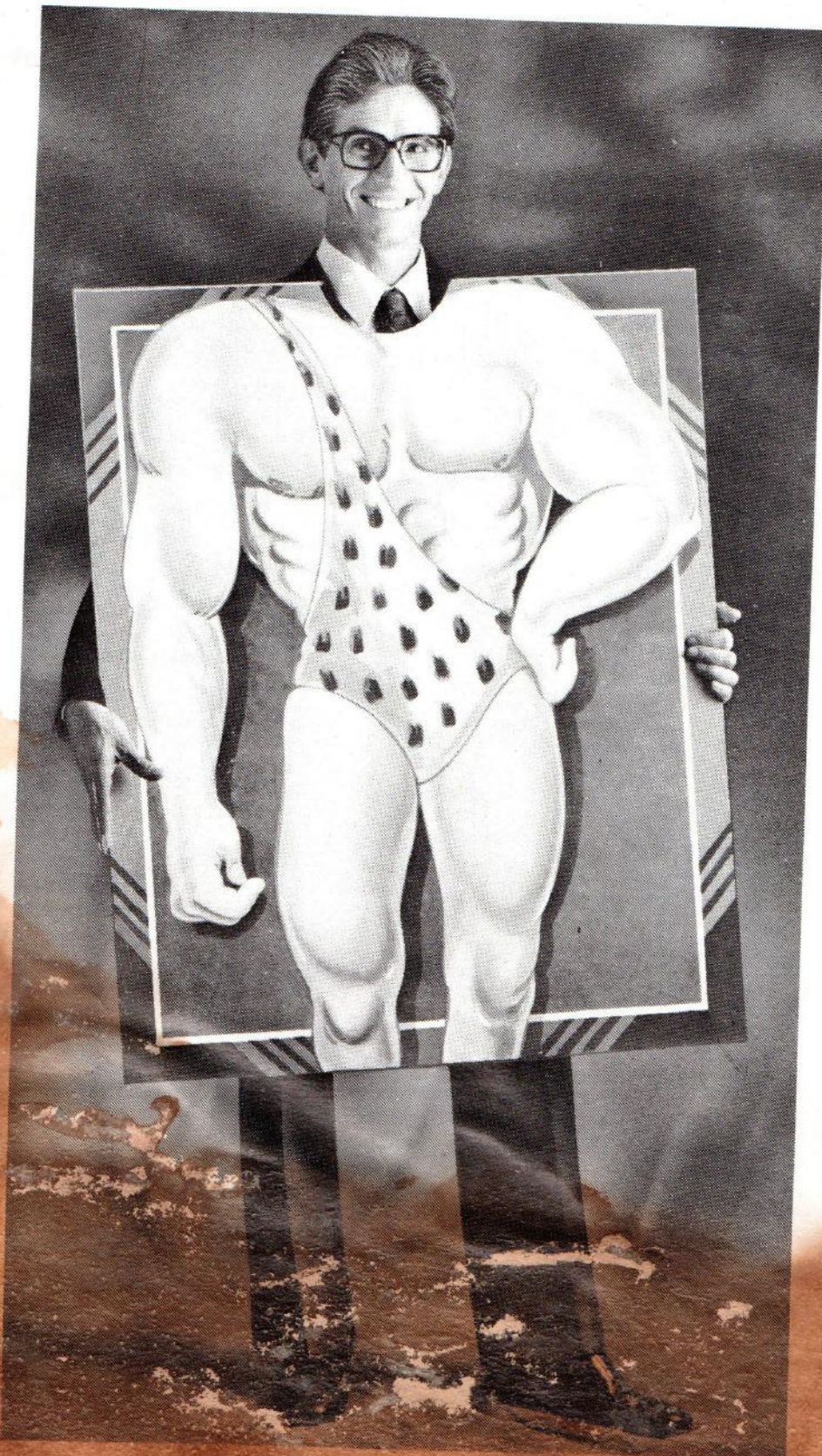
And he himself hath said it

And it's greatly to his credit

That he is an Englishman!

CURTAIN

Get some big business muscle behind your Small Business.



Have you ever asked yourself why people in big corporations always seem to get a better deal than you do when it comes to interstate accommodation and car rentals?

It's called muscle.

They do so much interstate travelling, they've got the muscle to negotiate.

Well, with Australian Airlines Bizpak, now you've got the muscle, too. Australian muscle. All it takes is one phone call. You can leave the rest to us.

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It's all because at Australian, we believe that everyone in business deserves a fair shake.

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It's just another reason why business is flying our way.

**AUSTRALIAN
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One call gets it all.



HMS PINAFORE Glossary



The plot's simple, but some of the dialogue can leave you at sea. Read this first:

BUMBOAT WOMAN: Someone who rows from ship to ship in port, selling jacky, conies (see below) and other goods. Great source of gossip, often holding dark secrets.

BABY-FARMING: Common practice in the time Pinafore was written, with young women looking after children for parents who, because of work, jail or other commitments, can't look after them themselves. Baby-farmers often were not all that bright and mix-ups were known to occur. A job often taken part-time by Bumboat women.

CATCHY-CATCHIES: Babes in arms, who in the days of Pinafore often found themselves in the arms of baby-farmers on Bumboats.

CIMMERIAN DARKNESS: About as black as you can get. Homer wrote about the Cimmerii living in perpetual darkness in north or west Europe. There's some suggestion he meant it as a political allegory.

CONIES: Another name for rabbits (cook them with a stone and serve them when the stone melts).

GROG: When the grog's on in the Royal Navy, the seamanship's a bit off. A traditional drink, it's made of rum and water – as in rinse out the glass and fill it with rum.

HIGHLOWS: Cut-down Wellington boots, favored by sailors who cut up rough.

HYMEN: A god of love, marriage and the whole damn thing.

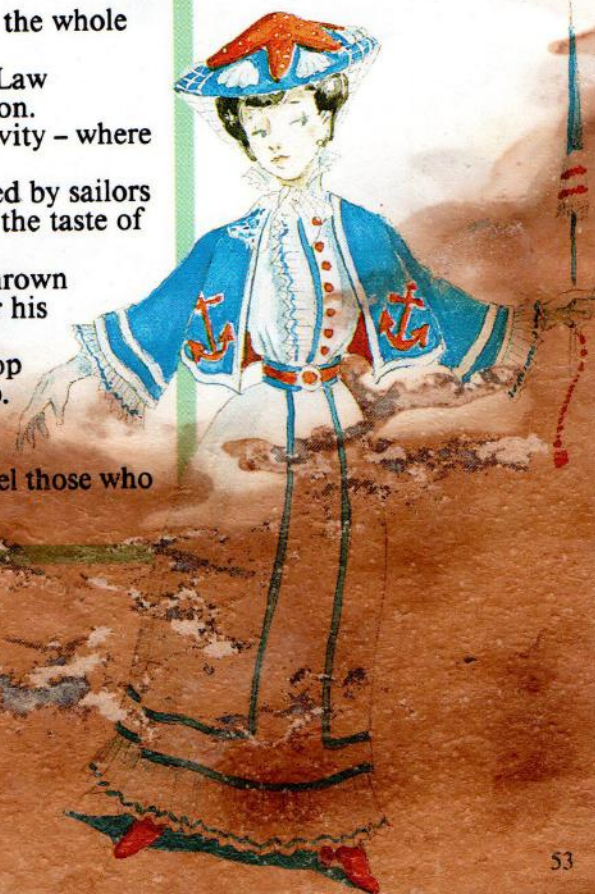
THE INSTITUTE: The Incorporated Law Society's Hall in Chancery Lane, London. Shortened by lawyers with a gift for brevity – where are they today? – to "The Institute".

JACKY: Very strong plug tobacco. Used by sailors for smoking, chewing, or getting rid of the taste of grog.

JOVE'S ARMOURY: Thunderbolts thrown by the god Jove at those who get under his armour.

SELVAGEE: A strap spliced into a loop and used in the rigging of a sailing ship.

BECKET, BOBSTAY, DEAD EYE, RACKSTRAW: Terms used in rigging sailing ships and used by Gilbert to label those who sail in them.



The International Class Executive Saloon by Honda

Honda Legend! Japan's first, truly international luxury saloon!

Honda Legend... Totally new and enthralling, born from a tradition of automotive excellence unequalled in the history of the motor car, designed and built by a company where craftsmanship and quality are the guiding lights, and incorporating some of the most advanced technology the world has yet seen.

Honda is still the only Japanese automobile maker ever to enter the rarified world of F1 Grand Prix motor racing and never before has a luxury passenger saloon owed so much to its racing heritage.

Legend's smooth, sleek style is the epitome of dignified and restrained elegance and yet, it has an aerodynamic efficiency measured at just 0.32 CD. Thus, Legend is an almost eerily quiet car on the road, to say nothing of its fuel economy and handling stability.

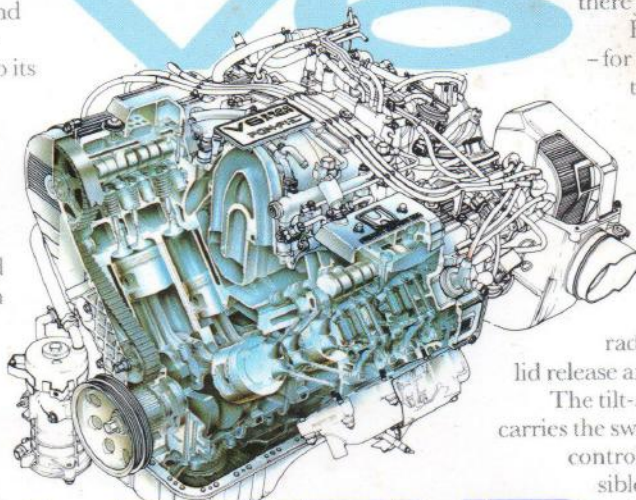
The incredibly smooth, powerful and economical fuel-injected, 2.5 litre, 24-valve, 90°, V6 powerplant, with a single overhead camshaft on each cylinder bank, also owes much of its advanced technology to Honda's winning ways in Formula One.

Honda's own sequential Programmed Fuel Injection System (PGM-FI) adjusts the air/fuel mixture to optimum levels under all operating conditions.

Suspension plays a major role in Legend's comfort, stability and sure-footed handling. It has been designed and built specifically to match the car's performance whilst providing true saloon car comfort. Honda's variable-assistance power steering is an important feature too.

The four-wheel disc brakes feature Honda's unique Four-Wheel Anti-Lock Brake (4WALB) system for safe, sure stopping on virtually any surface or combination of surfaces.

PGM-FI



LEGEND

Legend offers a choice of either 5-speed manual or 4-speed automatic transmissions, both of which have an overdrive top ratio.

The most telling single statement that can be made about Legend's interior appointments and luxury is this: *There are no optional extras available!*

Legend is a luxury saloon in the grand manner. Everywhere one looks there is evidence of a remarkable dedication to luxury fittings and comfort; but those

features are always useful and functional too. Nothing in Legend is there just for show!

For example, the driver's chair – for indeed, it's a great deal more than just a seat – is electrically adjustable for rake and length and also allows for manual tilt and lumbar support adjustment.

All side windows are power operated as are the central locking system, the sunroof, the automatic radio antenna, the remote trunk lid release and the external side mirrors.

The tilt-adjustable steering wheel carries the switching system for the cruise control in such a way that it is accessible in a full, hands-on driving position. In fact, most major and frequently-used switching and control functions can be effected by a fingertip!

Major instrumentation, supported by a comprehensive sub-system of warning and indicator lights has been strategically placed to provide total information at a glance.

Discovering all the features and thoughtful touches which are a part of this remarkable luxury vehicle will become a major part of the sheer driving pleasure it offers to the discerning and knowledgeable driver.

A test drive will reveal but a part of the full story.

H HONDA

Progress with Distinction.

